

From the Spectator.

## MEMOIRS OF THE BARONESS D'OVERKIRCH.\*

THE reader of these Memoirs is carried into a world almost antediluvian as regards customs, habits, and ideas. The Baroness D'Oberkirch was born in 1754, in Alsace; a country in which the family of her father, Baron Waldner, had been seated from a time beyond the memory of man or records. Alsace was then politically a part of France; its manners, its language, and all the circumstances which constitute outward life, were provincial German with a dash of Swiss. But it was not the Germany of our days. Manners, costumes, and security on the roads, might have changed since the middle ages, but in political respects and prejudices Germany was still the land of sixteen quarters and all the follies therewith connected. The country was divided into numberless principalities, some not bigger than a Scotch estate, with rights more or less of sovereignty attached to each, and, what was more characteristic, courts with nobles in a small way, and etiquette en grand. Such sticklers for their dignity were these petty princes, that they claimed all the privileges of kings; and because the Grand Monarque would not grant them, they never went to the French court if they could possibly avoid it. The feeling on this subject comes out in these memoirs on the occasion of Marie Antoinette's passing through Strasbourg for Paris as the bride of the Dauphin. The sovereigns of Montbéliard, to whose court the future Baroness D'Oberkirch was attached, declined to pay their respects on this nuptial occasion.

The Dauphiness, now Queen of France, passed through Strasbourg, where I went with my father to pay her our respects. Oh! if I lived a hundred years I could not forget that day, its festivities, those exclamations of joy uttered by a people delighted by the presence of their sovereign. Madame Wurmser accompanied us. The delicate health of the Princess of Montbéliard prevented their highnesses taking the journey; and, besides, the etiquette of the French court is so severe and unbending towards foreign princes, that these naturally stay away except when absolutely obliged to appear. Their rank is not recognized; they can only see the king and queen in their cabinets; and even when their majesties invite them to dine, they cannot have the honor of touching their hands; wherefore all those who have visited Versailles have assumed a fictitious name, not wishing, with their proper titles, to be mingled indiscriminately with the crowd of courtiers, as would certainly be the case. Besides, in appearing incognito, they retain their right to private receptions, where their rank is not disputed. There was no exception made even in favor of the relations of the queen (of course I do not include the emperor, he is entirely out of the question): however that may be, the court of Montbéliard, wishing to avoid these inconveniences, sent their apologies.

\* Memoirs of the Baroness D'Oberkirch, Countess de Montbrison. Written by Herself, and edited by her Grandson the Count de Montbrison. In three volumes. Published by Colburn and Co.

The little satellites of the little planets were by no means behindhand in notions of their own dignity. The genealogical prejudices which exposed the Germans to ridicule—"proud of pedigree and poor in purse,"—were fully shared by the Baroness D'Oberkirch. At the outset of her labors in composing her memoirs, the Alsatian Baroness breathes but one prayer: "I ask, I say, in my son-in-law, only high birth; there is a remedy for every defect but the want of that."

In France matters did not look quite so ridiculous, but were really not much more rational. The etiquette, as we have just seen, was as severe and unbending; from the greater dignity and number of persons concerned, the ceremonies were more onerous; the genealogical inquiries were as strict as those of any German court could be; and as regards inward feeling the old noblesse of France were as prejudiced as the German. But a more enlightened public opinion, the favoritism and weakness of kings, with the necessities of public business, had given rise to a system of exceptions which greatly modified the whole. In refinement, esprit, and that freedom of mind which generally follows an intercourse with many persons, the French noblesse excelled the German, as well as in all the arts which embellish fashionable life, from the cook to the upholsterer. Neither were their vices so gross, for the drunkenness and boorishness of the older Germans were notorious to Europe; but the old French régime was corrupt to its very core, and its silly frivolity almost surpassing belief. It was a strange, perhaps an unexampled state of society, which must have perished by spontaneous combustion had it not been destroyed from without.

Into both these states of society the Baroness D'Oberkirch was a good deal thrown. The origin and honors of the Barons Waldner may be read in the pages of their daughter. Their family and local situation allied them with several little German princes on the one hand, and their allegiance connected them with France on the other. The circumstance which has given its chief interest to these Memoirs was the writer's intimacy with the Princess Dorothea, daughter of "H. R. H. Madame la Duchesse de Wurtemberg, Princess de Montbéliard." The whole family are painted by the baroness in a style befitting a courtier. They certainly seem to have been amiable people, and dealt with the future Baroness D'Oberkirch rather as a daughter than a subject. The friendship of the Princess Dorothea almost assumed the character of our Queen Anne's towards Mrs. Masham. When the princess married the ill-starred Paul, then Grand Duke of Russia, her feelings towards the intimate of her girlhood remained unaltered. The friendship was continued by correspondence; and when the grand duke and duchess paid a visit to France in 1782, the Baroness D'Oberkirch was invited to accompany them. The announced friend of the future Empress of Russia was an object of attention to the queen and royal family of France, and of course to all the courtiers. She thus had an opportunity of seeing Paris, its sove-

reigns, princes, nobility, and people to the very, best advantage in 1782. The connexions she then formed, and the prestige of her imperial interest, gave her similar facilities of observation in 1784 and 1786, when she again visited the capital. The memoirs close in 1789, soon after the capture of the Bastille; closing, as it were, with the first obvious blow struck at the old régime, of which the author was so zealous a member.

It must not be conceived that the baroness enters into the philosophy of the æra in which she lived, or makes the most of her opportunities. Her reminiscences are personal, social, or of the mode, with a few passing remarks on politics, which, though fine and feminine, seem to exhibit a prophetic instinct. The things that occupy the period of her girlhood are her studies and little adventures at the house of her father and the court of the Prince of Montbéliard. On her marriage the scene is enlarged, but not changed—"A little louder, but as empty quite." Officers, barons, counts, with a travelling German prince or two, on a visit to the court of Wurtemberg, and the genealogy of self and friends, form the staple of her matter. In Paris, the visits of the Archduke Paul and his wife to various public places, with the wit of the imperial heir-apparent—not always very telling—and the virtues of both husband and wife form a conspicuous feature in the journal: anecdote, scandal, fêtes, theatres, fashions, with occasional glimpses of graver business, fill up the rest. The pages are frequently studded with historical names, or names which accident or vice has embalmed in history; there are often some good repartees or witticisms, and sketches of men and women about whom we feel an interest. These things carry the reader along, especially as the style is clear and flowing. The great feature, as the great attraction of the book, however, is the continual picture which it presents of the old régime. This is a spirit which pervades the work; infusing a sort of character into the most tedious pedigree of some Alsatian baron, or the most frivolous point of etiquette or fashion. It inspired the mind of the baroness, and overflows through her pen.

The age of the Baroness D'Oberkirch might have been called the age of quacks, but that *they* flourish in all ages. The baroness herself was a believer in the notorious Mesmer, though she denounced the equally notorious Cagliostro as an impostor. One of the believers in this latter worthy was the Cardinal de Rohan, so celebrated in the affair of the diamond necklace. He was equally remarkable in his time as the representative of two classes, now extinct—the great Prince-Bishop of Germany, and the great Seigneur of France. This is our writer's picture of the cardinal and his extravagance.

Immediately upon our arrival we went to pay our respects to his Eminence the Cardinal de Rohan, Prince-Bishop of Strasburg. He had just returned from a tour that he had made on the other side of the Rhine, where he had been to visit his episcopal domains. This is the second or third cardinal of the name of Rohan who has been Bishop of Strasburg; so that he looks upon the church-lands as belonging to him, in some sort, by right of inheritance. He has erected at Saverne one of the most charming abodes in the world. The cardinal is a very handsome man, in whose devotion there is nothing ascetic, and who has no objection to the society of ladies. Though endowed with high intelligence, and possessing amiable manners, an extreme credulity led him

into weaknesses which he has expiated in deep sorrow, and which have cost our poor queen many a bitter tear in the vexatious history of the necklace.

His Eminence received us in his episcopal palace, which was indeed fit for a sovereign prince. The style of living in his house was extravagant in the highest degree, and would almost exceed belief. I shall only mention one thing, which will give an idea of the rest. He kept fourteen maitres d'hôtel and twenty-five valets de chambre. Only think! It was three o'clock in the afternoon when we arrived; it was the vigil of All Saints; the cardinal was coming out of his chapel, dressed in a soutane of scarlet moire, and a rochet of English lace of inestimable value. When, on occasions of great ceremony, he officiated at Versailles, he wore an albe of lace en point à l'aiguille of such beauty that the assistants were almost afraid to touch it. His arms and his device were worked en médallion above all the large flowers. This albe was estimated at a hundred thousand livres. On the day of which I speak he wore the rochet of English lace, one of his least beautiful, as his secretary, the Abbé Geergel, told us. He carried in his hand an illuminated missal a family heirloom, of which the magnificence would have attracted attention, even if its antiquity had not excited respect. Printed books were beneath the dignity of the Cardinal de Rohan.

He came to meet us with a politeness and grace that I have rarely seen in any one. He inquired after the Princess de Montbéliard and the Grand Duchess of Russia, as if that were the sole subject of his thoughts.

The following is a portrait of the arch-impostor at the first interview; with a subsequent scene at a dinner in which the strange credulity of De Rohan is exhibited.

A very interesting conversation commenced, in which I took a real pleasure, the cardinal being both well-informed and well-bred, when we were suddenly interrupted by a gentleman usher, who, opening the folding doors, announced "His eminence the Count de Cagliostro."

I turned my head quickly; I had heard this adventurer spoken of since my arrival in Strasburg, but I had not yet met him. I was stunned at seeing him enter in this manner into the mansion of the bishop, to hear him announced with this pomp; and still more was I astonished at the manner in which he was received. He had been in Alsace since the month of September, and had caused great commotion, pretending to cure all sorts of maladies. As he not only refused to take money, but even bestowed a great deal on the poor, large crowds followed him, notwithstanding the failure of his so-called universal panacea. He only cured hypochondriacs, or those whose imagination was sufficiently strong to aid the remedy. The police kept a strict eye over him; they watched him, but he affected to defy them. Some said that he was an Arab; however, his accent was more that of an Italian or Piedmontese, and I have since learned that he was in reality from Naples. At the period of which I speak, in order to dazzle the vulgar mind, he slept in a fauteuil and ate nothing but cheese.

He was not, strictly speaking, handsome, but never have I seen a more remarkable countenance. His glance was so penetrating that one would be almost tempted to call it supernatural. I could not describe the expression of his eyes; it was, so to say, a mixture of flame and ice. He attracted and repulsed, and, whilst he terrified, inspired an insurmountable curiosity. Two portraits have been painted of him, both very good likenesses, and yet each widely different from the other. He wore, attached to his watch-chain and upon his fingers, diamonds which, if they were what they appeared, would be worth a king's ransom. He pretended that they were his own manufacture. . . . .

As soon as Cagliostro perceived me, he made a very respectful salute; which I returned without any affectation of haughtiness or condescension. I did not know why the cardinal attached so much importance to persuading me rather than another, but during the entire time of dinner—there were fifteen persons present—he seemed to think only of me. There was an insinuating grace in the manner in which he endeavored to bring me over to his opinion. He placed me on his right hand, spoke almost exclusively with me, and endeavored by every possible means to imbue me with his convictions. I resisted, gently, but firmly. He became impatient, and was about to make some confidential communications, when we rose from table. If I had not myself seen it, I never could have believed that a Prince of the Catholic Church, a Rohan, a man in other respects intelligent and estimable, could allow himself to be so influenced by an impostor of this species, as absolutely to renounce the exercise of his free will.

"Indeed, baroness, you are too sceptical. Since what he has said to yourself, and what I have related, have not persuaded you, I must acknowledge all; but remember that I am about to confide to you a great secret."

I became very much embarrassed. I set little value on his secret; and his well-known imprudence made me fear that I should have the honor of sharing his confidence with persons unworthy of his notice. He divined my feeling.

"Do not say no," interrupted he, "and listen to me. You see this?"

He showed me a large diamond that he wore on his little finger, and on which the Rohan arms were engraved. This ring was worth at least twenty thousand francs.

"It is a beautiful gem, monseigneur; I have been admiring it."

"Well, it is he who made it—made it out of nothing. I was present during the whole operation—my eyes fixed on the crucible. Is not that science, baroness? People cannot say that he is wheedling or deceiving me. The jeweller and the engraver have estimated this ring at twenty-five thousand livres. You will admit that he would be a strange kind of cheat who would make such presents." I acknowledge that I was stunned; M. de Rohan perceived it, and continued, believing himself now sure of victory.

"This is not all—he can make gold; and has made in my presence five or six thousand livres in this palace. I shall have more; I shall have a great deal; he will make me the richest prince in Europe! These are not dreams, madame; they are positive facts. All his prophecies that have been realized! all the miraculous cures that he has effected! I repeat that he is a most extraordinary—a most sublime man, whose knowledge is only equalled by his goodness. What alms he gives! What good he does! That exceeds all power of imagination."

"What, monseigneur, has not your eminence given him anything for that; no promise in writing that may compromise you? Pardon my curiosity, but as you have been so kind as to confide to me this secret, I"—

"You are right, madame; and I can assure you that he has never asked nor received anything from me."

"Ah! monseigneur," cried I, "this man must hope to induce you to make extraordinary sacrifices, when he purchases your confidence at so high a price. In your place, I would be on my guard; he may lead you farther than you think."

The cardinal smiled incredulously; but I am sure that in after days, when the affair of the necklace occurred, when Cagliostro and Madame De la Mothe had plunged him into an abyss of ruin, I am sure that then he remembered my words.

The account of the writer's presentation at

Versailles furnishes an example of the rigid etiquette which in theory bound that court, and in practice too when some special circumstances did not interfere. This "presentation" took place on the second visit of the baroness to Paris; her character of friend to the Archduchess having superseded these formalities.

12th June.—The day of my presentation was a very important one for me; the ceremony is very fatiguing, though flattering; one is on view from morning until night, and does not get the least repose. This was only the eve; but I had to pay some preliminary visits, and feel the first agitations of this honorable distinction. I dined this day at Versailles, and after dinner I visited all the ministers and all the "Honneurs." This is the distinctive name of the ladies of honor, and of the mistress of the robes of her majesty, and of the king's sisters. I have already told how, in the year 1782, whilst I was in Paris with the Countess du Nord, the queen had the goodness to dispense with the ceremony of my presentation; but it was necessary that I should now think of preparing for this indispensable formality. My testimonials having been made out and examined by the genealogist, I was informed that the king and royal family had appointed half-past five in the evening of Sunday, 13th June, as the important moment. I had got a magnificent court-dress, an immense hoop, as was the court etiquette, and a "bas de rofe," which means a train not fastened to the petticoat. My dress was made at Baulard's, as Mademoiselle Bertin would keep it too long. It was of gold brocade, embossed with flowers in their natural colors. There were not less than twenty-three yards of material, and the dress was tremendously heavy; which, however, did not prevent its being very handsome, and very much admired.

13th June.—Immediately after dinner I had my hair dressed, very high, according to fashion, and ornamented with diamonds and a plume of feathers. I wore my earrings en girandole.

At half-past four I went with the Baroness Mackan for the Duchess de la Vallière, who had the goodness to undertake the charge of my presentation. We set out for the chateau; where I was first presented to the king. This was a very awful moment—so many persons looking on, and one so much afraid of being awkward, of forgetting the lessons one has received for walking backwards, kicking back the train so that one may not become entangled in it and fall, which would be considered excessively awkward and overwhelm the unfortunate delinquent with shame.

I made three reverences—one at the door, one in the centre, and a third immediately before the monarch. When I was presented to the queen, I took off my glove, and made an inclination as if to kiss the hem of her robe; but her majesty put back her dress with her fan, and said, "I am very glad to see you, Madame D'Oberkirch; but this presentation is only a formality; we have been acquainted with each other a long time."

I bowed respectfully.

"Have you heard lately from your illustrious friend?"

"Her imperial highness often does me the honor of writing to me."

"Has she forgotten us?"

"The memory of the grand duchess is as good as your majesty's; it would be impossible for you to forget each other."

The queen smiled, and then spoke to me of Alsace, Strasbourg, and the Rhine, which she thought a magnificent river.

"I prefer it to the Danube," said she; "but the Seine has made me forget them both."

After a few more words the queen bowed; and we

retired backwards, with the three courtesies of adieu. We had been presented with taboretts; but I did not sit, as I had not the right; the Duchess de la Valiere sat, but had the politeness to rise immediately.

I was then presented to all the royal family, with the same ceremony. The king did not speak to me, but smiled graciously. His majesty seldom speaks to the persons presented to him, and is said to be very timid in the society of ladies. He did not kiss me; for that is a ceremony that he is only obliged to perform for duchesses and *cousins of the king*.

After my presentation I went to the "Jeu de la Reine." Here all the ladies that have been presented sit on taboretts, without distinction of rank or title, whilst the gentlemen stand. The ladies that wish to play seat themselves round the large card-table, when the queen takes her place at it. After the game, the queen walked round the room, addressing a few words to each person.

"I hope that we will often see you again, Madame D'Oberkirch," said the queen, "and that you will not be too anxious to return to Alsace."

After making my courtesy I left the room, and went to visit the Princess de Lamballes, surintendante of the queen's household, and then I again visited the "Honours," as was the etiquette.

The splendor of the princes of the blood, the folly of the old Duke of Orleans, the wickedness and ill conduct of the then Duke of Chartres, afterwards Egalité, and very many traits of Parisian manners and frivolity, solicit attention. There are also many anecdotes, some well known, and some not so striking as the recorder seems to think, but most of them throwing a strong light upon the ideas and feelings of the age. In this point of view—that is, as a thorough picture of the frivolous life and opinions of the old régime—the volumes are well worth attention.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

#### IRISH SONGS.

Those songs whose every tone,  
When bard and minstrel long have past,  
Shall still, in sweetest all their own,  
Enbalm'd by fame undying last.

MOORE.

IRELAND, like Scotland, is rich in native music, and it is unmistakably national and characteristic; you could not, by any possibility, confound a Swiss or a French national air with an Irish one; neither could you mistake an Irish air for a Scotch one, though some airs are common to both countries. But take such an air as "Coolun," for instance, or "Cruiskin Lân," or even such as "Boyne Water," or "Garry Owen," the types of a multitude of Irish airs of similar character, and you will at once admit the strongly marked character and nationality of Irish music.

There is one remarkable feature in the Irish national music, seemingly as much at variance with the character of the Irish people as the passionate, loving, and humorous, and often frisky songs of the Scotch, are seemingly at variance with the Scotch character—we mean the pervading tone of melancholy, amounting often to despair, which characterizes Irish songs and music. The Irishman is popularly held to be a rollicking, witty, impulsive, mobile, many-sided being; but if we are to regard the songs of a people—the songs that are sung round the hearth, by mothers to their children, by young men and maidens, by old men and bards—as the true expression of that people's feelings, then it would seem that deep

mournfulness and sorrow were at the root of the apparently happy and light-hearted Irish character, and that the humor and fun of the Irishman were but his surface expression, put on as if to conceal the sadness and mournfulness which lie at the bottom of his nature.

But the meaning of this is easily understood; we have the key to it in Irish history. Irish music only echoes the sufferings of Ireland's people; it tells the tale of their wrongs, of their defeats, and of their sorrows; it is a voice of wailing and of woe resounding from the past, and, alas! it is also but too characteristic of Ireland's present state. How could Irish music be mirthful when her people have had so much cause for sadness? How could Irish song be triumphant when it echoes but the wailings of defeat? Ireland has had no victories, at least for herself; she has often conquered in foreign battle-fields, but it has been for England or for France. On Irish soil, the Irish have almost invariably suffered; they have been invaded, conquered, and dispossessed, the agonies of their invasion having been prolonged through many centuries. If they rebelled, they were crushed; if they took up arms for a favorite English king—as they did for James II., it was only to be defeated. Struggles never brought fame or glory to Ireland, but only completer ruin and deeper sorrow. The Irish clung by their soil, by the "dear green land" which they loved; but the conquerors, though comparatively few in number, were too strong for them, and the Irish were again and again dispossessed, banished, and hunted from their native places.

Thus Irish history is but a dismal record of sorrows, of lamentations, and of defeats; and thus Irish song, which has been born of the popular life and experience, is but their echo and their voice. The bards and minstrels, and after them the Irish harpers and pipers, wandered from house to house among the people, keeping alive the memory of their wrongs; they celebrated the glory of their patriots, the valor of their chiefs, the beauty of their women, and the glory of olden times. These bards cherished the patriotic spirit of the people, and in consequence rendered themselves obnoxious to the then constituted authorities—the Anglo-Norman parliaments of the conquerors. By the statutes of Kilkenny it was even made penal to entertain any Irish bard, minstrel, or story-teller, "who perverted the imagination by romantic tales." But no laws could put down the native Irish music, which continued, with their native language—to which it was wedded—to be the joy, the hope, and the consolation of the Irish people.

There are many beautiful lively airs to be found among the Irish melodies; but even in these you almost invariably find that a sudden note of sorrow projects itself—as, for instance, in the beautifully simple and lively air of "Nora Creina"—a melancholy chord, which, like the forlorn note of the nightingale occurring in the midst of its exulting burst of music, hastily brings back gloomy feelings, and dashes the exalting thoughts to earth again. These snatches of sorrow in the midst of Irish airs remind us of Moore's song, in which he speaks of the

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws  
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes.

You hear it again in "Fly not yet;" the beautiful but little-known air of "Sunday Morning;" in the



extraordinary air of "The Fox-chase;"\* and, indeed, in nearly all the finest melodies of which Ireland can boast. Sadness thus forms the basis of all Irish bardic inspirations; and sadness, as a French writer observes, is the *genius of conquered races*. The unfortunate people employ their last breath in crowning their memories with the recital of their disasters; even the monotony of their plaint bears evidence to the sincerity of their emotion. As for what are called Irish comic songs, though they may be sung to Irish airs, the words are, we believe, mostly the productions of London writers, who are always to be had "for a consideration," ready to write "funny" Irish songs by the yard. But much of the absurd trash which goes by the name of "Irish comic songs" is scarcely, if at all, known in Ireland.

The earlier songs of Ireland were all composed and sung in Irish—the native language, always dear to the people; it was the common and familiar language of the home, the field, and the altar; it was all the dearer to the Irish, that it was nearly the only thing they could call their own, besides their misery. The people, above all things, love to preserve their old idioms and old traditions, as well as their other dearly-cherished inheritances of the past. The people of all countries are at heart strongly conservative, clinging to what is old, what has been, and even to what is traditional and effete. It loves its old language, and its ancient dress, as the Irish did, having an instinctive worship of memories. This tenacious adherence to the past is especially characteristic of the Celtic races. They are faithful to their language—the language still of their firesides, of daily work and of daily meals, of domestic joys and domestic sorrows—the language which floats in the air about them, and has been sucked in with their mother's milk. The conquerors might be able to conquer the Irish soil, but they could not conquer the Irish language. The people spoke it, the bards sung it, the children learned it, traditions were handed down in it, and it flourished still. Even the conquerors themselves were in turn subdued by it, adopting Irish dress and language, until at length they were characterized as "more Irish than the Irish themselves." As for the native Celts, they had been wrested of their possessions, but their native tongue was still theirs—the emblem of their race, the record of their griefs, the treasury of their history, and the vehicle of their song. It served to keep alive in them the memory of their former glories, the valor of their chiefs, and the joys and sorrows of past generations of their race; and to this day the Irish heart warms at the sound of the native Erse; and O'Connell was never happier than in his occasional familiar use of well-known Irish phrases in his stirring appeals to the Irish heart. The numerous beautiful translations from these old Irish songs which have been made of late years by Clarence Mangan, Samuel Ferguson, and others, show that the poets who wrote them were men of true poetic fire and genius. But in the happiest translations much of the soul of the composition is lost, so that these old Irish songs must be regarded as a kind of sealed book to most English, and even to most Irish readers of this day. Their love sonnets and elegies are full of simple beauty and wild

harmony. The pathetic powers of the Irish language have often been extolled, and it is still said in Ireland, "*If you plead for your life, plead in Irish.*" But it gradually ceased to be the language of the educated classes in Ireland; poets and song-writers no longer wrote in it, and the better ranks of people ceased to talk in it, until at length it has subsided into the dialect of the poorest and least lettered classes of Ireland.

At length, after a long lapse of time, another race of Irish song-writers arose; they wrote in English at first, in affectation of English style and subjects, avoiding everything that was Irish and national. Thus Goldsmith, Parnell, Swift, and Maginn aspired to be English rather than Irish poets. But gradually an Irish spirit began to show itself in the popular songs written in English; Dr. Drennan wrote several, but they were of the strongly political cast—a kind of English Radical songs; still they wanted the true Irish spirit. The "*Shan Van Voght*," and "*The Wearing of the Green*," were better. These were patriotic Catholic songs; and, on the other side, the Protestants could meet them with "*The Rakes of Mallow*," and "*Protestant Boys*." "*Croppies, lie down*" was challenged by "*Boyne Water*," and many a bloody fray was stirred up by the rival tunes. The Irish, though hundreds of years had elapsed since the occupation of Ireland by Henry II., still formed two hostile camps—the conquerors and the conquered, the Catholics and the Protestants—and each had its favorite tunes, the playing of which often proved the signal for deadly strife.

Such was the state of things in reference to Irish music when Thomas Moore appeared as an Irish song-writer. He proved to be the great song-writer of Ireland, and he did for its national song what Burns had done for Scotland, and what Beranger has done for France. It is by his Irish songs that Moore will always be the most widely known. He associated, for the first time, the beautiful music of Ireland with the literature of England, and at once raised Irish song to extensive and world-wide popularity. Although Moore is consecrated in Ireland, as a patriot, he himself did not desire to be confounded with those popular singers who write for the masses; his ambition aspired but to the drawing-room, and he professed to be satisfied with its praises. He did not hesitate to declare that "If it were possible to pump St. George's Channel dry, and unite the two islands physically, it ought to be done, at whatever expense." As for the Irish language, he wished that it were "thoroughly obliterated;" and, in pleading with the public for the favorable reception of his *Irish Melodies*, he said, in the Appendix to the illustrated edition of them:—"It has been said that the tendency of this publication is mischievous, and that I have chosen those airs but as the vehicle of dangerous politics, as fair and precious vessels from which the wine of error may be administered. I beg of those respected persons to believe, that there is no one who deprecates more sincerely than I do any appeal to the passions of an ignorant and angry multitude. But it is not through that gross and inflammable region of society a work of this nature ever could have been intended to circulate; it looks much higher for its audience and readers; it is to be found on the piano-fortes of the rich and educated, of those who can afford to have their national zeal a little stimulated without exciting much dread of the excess into which it may hurry them."

\* Moore tells that, when once playing to Robert Emmett this spirited air, Emmett suddenly started up and exclaimed, "Oh! that I were at the head of twenty thousand men, marching to that air!"

Notwithstanding this disclaimer, the patriotic spirit in which the best of the *Melodies* are written is unmistakable. In spite of his drawing-room whigism, Moore could not help feeling as an Irishman, and writing as one; he could not ignore the past of his country—had he done so, he would not have been the great song-writer of Ireland. We need scarcely speak of the exquisite beauty of Moore's lyrics—perfect in the expression of the softer feelings, though rather defective in simple vehemence, and sometimes spoiling his songs with "pretty" imagery. Yet where shall we find a nobler song than

The harp that once through Tara's halls  
The soul of music shed;

or his exquisite song to the air of "Coolun,"

Though the last glimpse of Erin!

Moore had the great advantage of being a musician as well as a poet; he caught the true spirit of the Irish melodies, and made the words which he wrote the echo of the songs. There were combined in him poetic feeling, lyrical power, and technical musical knowledge—a rare combination of gifts, which he used gloriously, as his *Irish Melodies* amply demonstrate.

Yet Moore cannot be characterized as the national song-writer of Ireland in so wide a sense as Burns or Beranger can in reference to Scotland and France. With all his art, his poetic power, and his patriotic feeling, he wrote for the parlor and the *salon* rather than for the hut or the highway. His Irish songs touched chords which are native on both sides of the Channel. His songs are sweet and affecting exceedingly, but often cloyed with sweetness, sometimes too apparently artificial.

A translation of Moore's songs into Irish has been made by Dr. Machale; but Michael Joseph Barry, in his *Essay on Irish Songs*, published a few years ago, informs us that "the people do not relish them;" and the reason given for their failure is obvious, "the originals want the idiom and color of the country, and are too subtle in thought."

At the most, Moore was but the popular poet and song-writer of English-speaking Ireland, while at the same time he was the sentimental lyrist of gay and cultured English circles. But Moore, take him all in all, was a great song-writer—perhaps, excepting Burns, the greatest writer of songs in the English language who has yet appeared. He has left behind him many undying lyrics and songs, and "The Last Rose of Summer," "Go where Glory waits thee," "She is far from the Land," and many other exquisite compositions, will live as long as the English language, calling up delightful associations and tender recollections of bygone times in the hearts of tens of thousands of people.

Since Moore began to write Irish songs, many other writers have appeared in the field, probably the most successful of whom has been Mr. Lover; his songs have a charm and a character entirely their own—an artless grace, a coy slyness, a rich humor, and a neatness of execution, which entitle them to a high place among Irish lyrics. His "Molly Bawn," "Molly Carew," and his "Rory O'More," are known far and wide; and his "Angel's Whisper," and "True Love can ne'er forget," are general favorites of the drawing and concertroom. Dr. Maginn's "Bells of Shandon," is unrivalled in its way; and Gerald Griffin's

"Gille Machree," and Banim's "Soggarth Aroon," are also exquisite songs.

Lady Morgan has also contributed two admirable songs to the national stock, which have gone through all classes; her "Savournah Deelish" and "Kate Kearney" are more full of the Irish spirit than most of even Moore's songs are; and Mrs. Crawford has written unquestionably the finest Irish song of this day—which Crouch has set to as exquisite music—we mean "Kathleen Mavourneen," than which, as sung by Catherine Hayes, nothing can be more touching. We have also seen the same writer's ballad, "I'm sitting by the stile, Mary," draw tears from the eyes of a strong man, and make him sob and weep; it is one of the most touching pictures of modern Ireland that we know of.

Passing over the songs of Callanan, Ferguson, Macarthy, and Lysaght, whose compositions are rather of an English than an Irish character, we come to the song-writers of the *Nation*, among whom the late Thomas Davis was the most distinguished and able. Here we come to a region of intense politics, and of extreme patriotism, cast into the form of song. The object of the writers is avowed; it is to make Ireland a nation again. The power and vigor of these verses will be admitted; they have stung even the Irish government into an admission of their power, for the songs were cited in the course of the recent State prosecutions of the Young Ireland poets. "Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight," was often and again the theme of praise on the one side, and vituperation on the other; there was bounding passion in this and the other songs of the time. "The Monopolist's Lie," "Native Swords," "The Green above the Red," "The Vow of Tipperary," and "The Men of Eighty-two," were full of vehemence, of war, and, some thought, of rebellion. Thus, for instance, Thomas Davis sang:—

Not peace itself is safe, but when  
The sword is sheathed by fighting men;  
A soldier's life 's the life for me—  
A soldier's death, so Ireland 's free!

Then welcome be the bivouac,  
The hardy stand, and fierce attack;  
Where pikes will tame their carbiners,  
And rifles thin their bay'netters;  
And every field the island through  
Will show "what Irishmen can do."  
A soldier's life 's the life for me,  
A soldier's death, so Ireland 's free!

Everybody now knows how, for the time, this song-writing ended—in a very tragic and dismal manner, leaving poor Ireland still more helpless and distracted than before, and showing that, in whatever way Ireland's condition was to be improved, it was not by means of singing war songs to the tune of "Erin go bragh." As Sydney Smith once said, "A far better anthem would be Erin go bread and cheese; Erin go cabins that will keep out the rain; Erin go pantaloons without holes in them!" But the song-writers of the *Nation* did better things than their war songs; they wrote many fine songs which will live, though perhaps they shoot over the heads of the people, addressing higher minds. Davis' "Girl of Dunboy," "Maire Bhan a stoir," "Emmeline Talbot," and "Blind Mary," will long be admired as noble songs.

We have already spoken of the beautiful music of the Irish; it has been admired by the greatest of composers, and it is said of Handel, that he de-

clared he would rather have been the author of "Aileen a Roon" than of the most exquisite of his musical compositions; the air is very old, and, as with most of the ancient Irish airs, the author's name has been lost. Carolan was by far the greatest of Irish musicians; he may almost be characterized as the last of the Irish bards. This great man was born in the year 1670, and flourished at a period when Ireland was suffering all the horrors of the penal days, when the music of Ireland was made to share in the fate of its people, and both were alike shut out from the pale of civilized life. At this time it was that Carolan flourished, and raised anew the voice of Irish song in the dwellings of the proscribed. He belonged to an old but disinherited family of Milesian blood, who had suffered by their adherence to the fortunes of the exiled Stuarts. Forced to emigrate from their native county of Meath, while Carolan was yet a child, the family settled down at Carrick on Shannon, in the county of Leitrim. The boy was well educated in his youth, being much indebted to the kind assistance of neighboring gentlemen, who compassionated the distress of the exiled family from Meath.

At the age of eighteen a terrible calamity fell upon poor Carolan; he was seized with small-pox, and when the disease left him, it was at the loss of his eyesight. But as the bird sings best in a darkened cage, so is it with the soul in which the divine gift of music is planted; from the privation of his sight dates Carolan's culture of song. He expressed a desire to learn the harp, and was placed under the tuition of an Irish harper, soon acquiring great proficiency in the art of playing the instrument, and he began to practise the avocation of harper himself, visiting by turns the houses of the surrounding gentry. One of his patrons, noting in him the signs of original genius, humorously observed to him one day, "Perhaps, Carolan, you might make a better *hand* of your *tongue* than of your *fingers*." Carolan acted on the hint forthwith, and having been told of a great battle which had recently been fought between the "gentry," or "fairies," of Sigh-beg and Sigh-mor (two hills in the neighborhood), he worked up the fancy into music, and his celebrated song of "Faery Queens" was the result. Soon after, he produced his "Planxty Reynolds," in honor of his patron and adviser, and from thenceforward he produced at various places, and at sundry times, a long succession of planxties, elegies, laments, drinking-songs, and songs of various kinds, amounting to about two hundred in number.

The airs and words of many of these songs of Carolan's still survive; of some the airs only remain; the unwritten words have been lost; while of others the words remain and the airs have disappeared. One of his finest songs was addressed to Bridget Cruise, the object of his earliest and tenderest attachment. He composed this air in a note, or rath, near his father's house, in which he would sit for many hours together, holding communication, as it was popularly related, with the "good people," or fairies, one of whose queens was reputed to hold her court on the spot. After lying there for hours, he was often observed to start up suddenly, as if in a fit of ecstasy, occasioned, as was firmly believed, by the preternatural sights which he witnessed; he would then call upon one of his companions to lead him home. He then immediately sat down to his harp, and it

was on one of such occasions that his "Bridget Cruise" was first played and sung.

O'Connor, the Irish historian, relates the story of Carolan having once in his life, when an old man, gone on a pilgrimage to St. Patrick's Purgatory, in Lough Derg, and on his return to the shore he found several pilgrims waiting for the return of the boat which had conveyed him to the scene of his devotion. In assisting some of these devout travellers to get on board, Carolan chanced to take a lady's hand; his sense of feeling was so acute, that upon the touch of that hand, after a lapse of many years, he instantly exclaimed, "This is the hand of my first love, Bridget Cruise." On this incident Lover has founded his beautiful song of "True Love can ne'er forget."

Carolan was an immense favorite while he lived; he was honored and fêted as a true Irish bard. He spent his time chiefly in Connaught, among the principal inhabitants of that district, and returned their kindnesses by celebrating their virtues and hospitalities in his unrivalled songs. Messengers were continually in quest of him, and he was scarcely seated in one place ere he was followed by a succession of invitations to others. He was seized with fatal illness, when sixty-seven years of age, and died at the house of one of his first patronesses, Mrs. McDermott, of Alverford, after composing and playing, in a style of exquisite tenderness and feeling, his well-known "Farewell to Music." He was followed to his grave by an immense concourse of people, rich and poor. The wake lasted four days: on each side of the hall was placed a keg of whiskey, which was replenished as often as emptied; the Irish harp was heard in every direction; and on the fifth day he was buried in the old church of Kilonan, the funeral being one of the greatest that had taken place for many years in Connaught. And thus Carolan died and was buried—Carolan, the last of the Irish bards.

#### THE TIME FOR CLOSET PRAYER.

MORN is the time to pray,  
Before the cares of day  
Steal on the hours;  
Just when the saffron hue  
Tinges the eastern blue,  
Spangling the early dew  
On fragrant flowers.

NOON is the time to pray,  
'Mid busy scenes of day  
We need it more.  
'T is then the heavenly Dove  
May test our blighted love;  
His snowy pinions move,  
And from us soar.

EVE is the time to pray,  
Just when the tints of day  
Die in the West,  
When violets sweetly weep,  
And weary zephyrs sleep  
Upon the weary deep,  
In quiet rest.

How sweet is closet prayer!  
We breathe the balmy air  
Of heaven's clime,  
Dews from celestial flowers  
And odoriferous bowers,  
Fall on us in these hours  
Of holy time.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

## THE AUTHOR OF "MARGARET MAITLAND."

AFTER a protracted reign of dulness, the fiction of Scottish life has lately given promise of renewing its youth. People had become weary of the insipidities perpetrated by countless imitators of Scott, Wilson, and Galt. It was enough for a time, to have on one's shelves an Antiquary with his home circle, a Rob Roy with his cateran kith and kin, a Waverley with his lowland and highland connexions, ranging with such worthies as Lockhart's Adam Blair and Matthew Wald, and Miss Ferrier's iron-nerved spinsters, and Mrs. Johnstone's west-country vulgarians, and Wilson's Lyndsays and Foresters, and Galt's parish annalists, and Moir's sartorial heroes. So that when Lilliputian Scotts, and fractions of Galt, reduced to their lowest terms, grew and multiplied, and covered the

Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
Land of the mountain and the flood—

laying to its charge things that it knew not, and imputing to its zoology things that it grew not—a reaction set in, the "land of cakes and brither Scots" was voted a bore, and the world of circulating libraries indignantly repudiated the position that Caledonia was a theme of infinite variety, which no custom could stale, no age wither. But satiety is curable with time. And when, after a due lapse of days and years, there appeared a new pattern of the tartan, a new bloom and fragrance in the heather, a new glory in the thistle, "symbol dear" to not a few of the long-headed as well as to the long-eared—when the voice of Auld Reekie's arch-critic was heard to steal from the solitudes of Craigerook, bearing witness to a new aspirant in fiction, as one whose delineation of Scottish character was as true and touching as "Annals of the Parish," purer and deeper than Galt, and even more absolutely and simply true—when Jeffrey did homage to the heroine as a conception so original, and yet so true to nature, and to Scottish nature, that it was far beyond anything that Galt could reach—when he profusely eulogized her sweet thoughtfulness, and pure, gracious, idiomatic Scotch—and when Mr. Colburn had promptly advertised this dictum of approval, what marvel if the tide of popular interest set in with a spring freshness and force to the bleak shores of the north, and a general hush of expectation honored the lady-wizard (witch is an ugly appellation) whose wand was to rule the waves. A Scottish school of fiction revived in full vigor—of purpose, if not of effect; an anonymous galaxy of female talent was to be seen in the novel-reader's heaven of mild ethereal "blue." The author of "Mrs. Margaret Maitland" is not to be dismissed with disrespect as a mere tenth-rate planet, even by those who hesitate to worship her as a fixed star. Nor are others of the same group to be lightly esteemed—the author of "Olive," for instance, and Miss Douglas—but none is at once so characteristically Scottish and so generally mark-worthy as Mrs. Margaret's biographer. She has probably less of the poetry of pathos and passion than her fair countrywoman who has given us the fortunes of the "Ogilvies," and the heart-struggles of the "Head of the Family." But there is more of subdued wisdom, of mellowed art, of equable manner, of quiet reflectiveness, and of unobtrusive sagacity, in the

subject of our present sketch. And but that she has evinced something of a disposition to over-write herself—or at least to be content with repeating herself "with a difference"—we might augur very promising things in her behalf, and a reputation which shall survive a reaction. We are disappointed if she has yet done her best.

Truth to nature—the harvest of a quiet eye, which sees somewhat deeply, if not very widely—an unexaggerated manner, together with a well-defined national individuality (ἡ εἰδος ἰδιότης)—in these lies the charm of the now celebrated "Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland, of Sunnyside." They open admirably; nothing of the kind can be better than the good spinster's reminiscences of early years, when she lay on the grass in the garden of her father's manse, looking at the white clouds sailing upon the sky, and thinking no mortal could be happier if she could but have abode there; or drawn thence into more stirring idleness by her brother Claud, "it being little in the nature of a blithe boy to bide quiet and look at the sky—that I should speak of him so! that is a man with gray hairs upon his head, and a father in the kirk; but the years steal by us fast, and folk forget." If our interest in these life-passages flags by the way, it is because they, with all their linked sweetness, are too long drawn out. Not, indeed, that they are passages which lead to nothing; but they are a roundabout way of reaching the proposed something. So that the zest with which we launch out from the *terminus à quo*, abates by a "considerable" heap of jots and tittles ere we arrive at the *terminus ad quem*. Mistress Maitland confesses her apprehensions that the world may think her bold, being but a quiet woman of discreet years and small riches, in having such an imagination as that it could be the better of hearing the like of her homely story. Her modesty has been greeted with the welcome protestant "No, no!" of her large auditory, who—with Lord Jeffrey as fuleman—have assured her that they are the better for her pleasant apocalypse. But pleasanter it undoubtedly might have been had it been penned in the fear of the somewhat musty but ever wholesome adage, "Enough is as good as a feast," an adage worthy of all acceptance, and enjoying it—witness the *μηδὲν ἰσχυρὸν* of the Greeks, and the *ne quid nimis* of the Latins. The Ladye of Sunnyside is rich in proverbs: of *this* one she is practically ignorant; 'tis true 'tis pity, pity 'tis 'tis true. When matter which should find ample room and verge enough in one volume is ambitious of the rule of three, we are apt to "weary" before the quotient is worked out, and (a thing unknown elsewhere) to murmur at the largeness of the dividend. Thus it is possible to be delighted with a first volume, to yawn over a second, and to "play a loud solo on a wind instrument" (a periphrasis of the verb "to snore") over the third. We do not say that we committed either of these two enormities in the perusal of the Sunnyside chronicles; nevertheless, we had, at intervals, a depressing suspicion that the excellent annalist was trenching on the border-land of—twaddle. Perhaps, however, this very circumstance aids rather than injures the effect of the book as a whole; just as Richardson's illimitable details are thought to be the secret of his success. Mrs. Maitland would not, perhaps, be herself in one volume; she might cease to handle the pen of a ready writer, if she tried to be a terse and restrained one. And, therefore,



we gladly and gratefully take her as we find her—and that is, as a generous, warm, and pure-hearted Scottish gentlewoman of the old school, who sits down to write these passages in her life, because, as she expresses it, it has often come into her head that, seeing the threads of Providence have many times a semblance of ravelling, it would be for edification to trace out one here and one there, that folk might see how well woven the web was into which the Almighty's hand run them. Throughout the biographical excerpts her character is sustained with a beautiful unity. She has suffered much, but her heart knoweth and keepeth secret its own bitterness, while it expands at the tale of others' woe. With a narrow creed she has a broad humanity. The stanch pupil of "Free Kirk" theology and "old-world" conventionalism, she yet has a lurking enjoyment of humors and anomalies abhorrent to both; she can propound a tolerant philosophy on the virtues of the novel, and can indite a rather *con amore* description of a dominie in drink. Blessings on her kind upright soul! Her simple piety, her shrewd insight, her moral courage, her singleness of eye, her depth of affection, her wealth of sympathy, her unobtrusive self-sacrifice, her unworldly intelligence, endear her to every feeling mind. Next to her stands Grace—whose history is all attractive, as one feels it will be from the hour that she first appears at Sunnyside, "a bit little thin genty-looking bairn, with a face no to be forgotten," not bonnie, indeed, but like a "shady corner," when her dark eyes are cast down—"and when she lifted them, it was like the rising of the stars in the sky; no that they were sharp, but like a deep stream flowing dark and full." We can quite realize the presence of Grace, "with a look upon her bit white face of that dowie and pining feeling that will come into folks' heads upon a summer night," and yet with "aye something in her eye, and in her spirit, that ruled folk whether they would or no," and in whose nature it was not to show either her tribulation or her joyfulness by outward tokens, and in the deep soil of whose heart every strong emotion struck its roots far down, out of the sight of any mortal, and who, amid scenes of household sorrow, bore herself like a firm young tree among waving breckans, tossed with the wind, but not overcome. Her wicked relations are somewhat weakly done; to the author's honor, private if not professional, be it said, she does not excel in studies of bad people, with whom she has evidently had little to do, and nothing to sympathize. The widow Elphinstone and her son Allen are cleverly drawn and carefully discriminated; Mary Maitland is a douce lassie, worthy of her aunt and her "forbears;" Jenny, the heart-whole maid-of-all-work, is to the life; and Reuben Reid is a transcript from nature, to be found *in esse* throughout the lowlands of Scotland.

Those who desiderate a plot, a mystery, a dramatic evolution of events in the construction of a novel, will find "Merkland" more to their taste than the simple passages in the life of the Sunnyside spinster. A murder—the force and the results of circumstantial evidence, implicating an innocent man—the sorrows and magnanimity of the wrongly accused—the cowardice and remorse of the real homicide—the heroic devotion of both their sisters—and the moral adjustment of the seemingly chaotic elements of retributive justice—these topics form the substratum for a fiction of

considerable inventive art, clever portraiture, and natural pathos. Faults it has, but they are such as pertain to the author's novitiate. The story covers too large a surface; it introduces more characters than can justify their *entrée*, whether by relationship to the unity of action, or by individuality and personal pretensions; it is often desultory, fragmentary, and (are we coining a word?) platitudinary. The clue to the mystery, retailed charily bit by bit, is doled out more in accordance with the exigencies of novel-craft than with the probabilities of actual life; of course, it was proper in fiction that Anne Ross and Jacky, her eld'n familiar, should have the glory of making Norman's righteousness to shine forth as the noon-day, but we demur to its being as agreeable to fact that three sharp-witted men should be balked so signally on the same mission. We lost something of our reverence for James Aytoun's legal acumen, and his companions' shrewd intelligence, when they failed to make anything of past and present memorabilia in the career of Patriek Lillie—his known aversion to the murdered man, his strange agony on the fatal morning, and his subsequent moody seclusion, betraying all the signs of a perturbed spirit that could not rest. The author is fond of getting up a surprise; but it is not always that it succeeds; instead of doing execution, there is often a mere flash in the pan, which startles none but raw recruits. But taking it altogether, the interest of "Merkland" is well sustained, and frequently reaches a high standard. Passages in abundance of power and pathos reward the reader. Such as Mrs. Catherine's revelation of the dark deed to little Alison Aytoun, as the impassable "let and hindrance" to the fair child's becoming a child-wife—when they sat together beneath the portrait of Sholto Douglas, and Alice was bidden, and *tried* not to tremble, as her aged companion began the narrative—glancing the while at out-door objects to which the waning gloaming gave a ghostly aspect—the gray, inquisitive-looking crag, behind which she could fancy some malicious elf watching them, the dark whins pressing close to the window, the dreary sough of the wind as it swept through the bare trees without, and the long passages within, moaning so eerie and spirit-like, together with the gloom of the mysterious apartment devoted to this sad tryst, and the calm unmoved face looking down from the wall on this conference of "youthheid" and eld. So again the description of the "eviction" of the Macalpines, by order of the innovating Southron proprietor of Strathoran, where we trace the progress of destruction by the agonized looks of the ejected peasantry, and hear confusedly a sharp, sudden cry from some distressed mother as the roof under which her little ones were born is rudely destroyed, and the father's long, low groan, and the suppressed passion of young men who cannot school themselves to patience, and the plaintive cry of shrill dismay and wonder from little children clinging about their feet, while house after house, unwindowed, roofless, and doorless, stands in mute desolation behind the hirelings of oppressive law, until the chill March wind rushes into the last dismantled cottage, and the Macalpines are without a home; or Miss Crankie's garrulous narrative of the tragedy, and Anne's subsequent encounter with Christian Lillie on that still night, wrapt in gray misty folds, when she wandered musingly along the dim sands, and watched a faint ray of

moonlight silvering the water, and the long glistening line of its wet shores here and there, till (fit place and time for such a meeting) the tall, dark, gliding figure met her, moving with noiseless footstep over the sand from the gate of Schole, a dreary, mysterious house, by the way, which, with its strange brother and sister tenants, reminds us of the House of the Seven Gables, whereby hangs such a tale; or, once more, the shipwreck scene, and the death-bed of Patrick Lillie, and the return home of the honorably acquitted exile—all examples of vigorous and effective writing, which few can read unmoved. The occasional introduction of a sentence or two of simple pathos is effectively and artlessly managed. We might quote a century of examples—take one, at random, where Jean Miller tells how she met Patrick Lillie coming out of the wood where lay the dead man, and was struck by the extremity of his anguish:—"And ye didna speak to him!" said Jacky. "Speak to him! Lassie, if ye havena a lighter weird than ither folk, ye'll ken before lang, that sore trouble is not to be spoken to. I wad rather gang into a king's chamber unbidden than put mysel forrit, when I wasna needed, into the heavy presence of grief." "For grief is a king, too," murmured Jacky. "And so it is," said Jean Miller, with another emphatic quiver of her lip—the little narrow Edinburgh attic, in which her student-nephew toiled, or ought to toil, rising before her eyes, and her heart yearning over him in unutterable agonies of tenderness—and so it is—and kenning that there's sin in aye ye like weel, or fearing that there's sin in aye whose purity is the last hope of your heart, that's the king of a' griefs."

Among such a crowd of characters as have their exits and their entrances in "Merkland," it is quite reasonable that two or three should but indifferently please us. We are sorry to put Lillie, Norman's pretty daughter, on the list, because the author has taken pains on the outfit, and readers generally accept her as a little darling; whereas we confess to a disrelish for her rather hackneyed and melo-dramatic dialect—her mystic vocables—her too sophisticated infantine-ey, and her habit (chiefly recognized at the minor theatres) of using the third for the first person singular. Of the leading male characters, hardly one is to our fancy, to say nothing of the tiresome Mr. Fitzherbert, and the plastic Giles Sympelton; we stumble a little at the quick and perfect conversion of Archibald Sutherland, nor is there that probability in the prolonged secrecy of Patrick Lillie, which Mr. Hawthorne has so powerfully contrived in the case of Arthur Dimmesdale; it is surely on the author's behoof that Patrick, being such as she depicts him, endures such a burden of shame and sorrow for eighteen weary years. Lewis Ross we should like to forbid the house had we a little sister Alice; and the mention of her name induces us forthwith to turn from captiousness to panegyric. If the men of "Merkland," as we have complained, are wanting, more or less, in the *propria que maribus*, and suggest a female hand as their originator, the women, young and old, are rich in faith and good works, and are for the most part clear-headed and leal-hearted, tender and true. Alice Aytoun is a sweet picture of a girl just emerging from the child's mirth and unrestrained gayety into those sensitive, imaginative years, which form the threshold of graver life—

Standing with reluctant feet  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood sweet;

and a touching chapter in her history is that wherein she is told that Lewis—her Lewis—is the brother of her father's assassin, when, with a long, low cry of pain, involuntary and unconscious, she turns from Mrs. Catherine's lap, feeling that there is nothing more to say or to hope, and the mist and film of her first sorrow blinds and stills the girlish heart, till now so gay and high in its beatings, and she wanders up-stairs to her own room, and thinks it so dim, and cheerless, and cold, and hides her sad white face in the pillow, and silently weeps. "The girlish light heart sank down under its sudden burden, without another struggle. 'I am not strong,' murmured little Alice, 'and there is no one with me.'" A more beautiful sketch of gentle maidenly dependence one seldom meets withal. The character of the novel, however, is, or is meant to be, the Lady of the Tower, Mrs. Catherine Douglas. She belongs to the Scottish family, of which we have eminent types in the redoubtable presence of Mrs. Violet M'Shake, in one of Miss Ferrier's capital tales, and of Galt's Leddy Grippy, which, in Byron's opinion, was surpassed by no female character since the days of Shakespeare for truth, nature, and individuality. But Mrs. Catherine is their superior in the *sua veritas in modo*, and yet their peeress in the *fortiter in re*; albeit, on the whole, there may be a lack of freshness and a slight air of effort about her. Still she commands respect and unstinted love. We see in her a high-minded and unselfish lady, whose strong will sways, and whose warm heart embraces all within their influence—one whose healthful and vigorous spirit is rarely and beautifully softened by delicate perceptions and sympathies, and who holds absolute dominion, with strong but kindly hand, at the gray, old, stately tower, whose courtyard had rung to martial music in the days of the Stuarts, and beneath whose heavy, battlemented wall the brown waters of the Oran speed on their way. She is a Douglas, and retains the complexional peculiarities of the Black Earl of olden time. All honor to the grand-hearted matron—in her rich, rustling, silken garments of dark-gray, and that shawl of finest texture and simplest pattern, and that cap of old and costly lace; her unchanged attire for years and years! The members of her household are characteristically drawn; Elspeth Henderson, a subdued and domesticated Maase Headrigg, and her daughter, Euphan Morison—a very genius in doctoring (*e. g.*, Mrs. Catherine's best cow in the death-thraw with her abominations)—and her daughter Jacky (*scil.* Jacobina), that strange, thin, angular girl, with her dark, keen face, and eccentric motion, and singular language—charged to the full with fairy tales and enthusiasm—a very *Ariel* to do her mistress' spiting—not the least mystery about her being the "reason why the spirit of a knight-errant, of as delicate honor, and heroic devotion, as ever adorned the brightest age of chivalry, should have been endued with this girl's elfin frame and humble place." Anne Ross, again—or "Gowan," as her patroness lovingly calls her—is a delightful being; a self-sacrificing, resolute, circumspect, yet most tender nature—rare union of intense affection and disciplined wisdom—worthy of the portrait-gallery of the "Two Old Men's Tales." And we must put in a good word for Marjory Falconer, who, in

her most reckless freaks, escapes the stigma of vulgarity, and who blushes so unreservedly that we grant her plenary absolution for her use of the whip, and even for her transient adherence to the 'Rights of Women' \* empiricism.

One salient objection meets the story of "Caleb Field" *in limine*; and that is, the incompatibility of its subject—a narrative of the great Plague—with the assumed province of art. The horrible, it is contended, is foreign to that province, and cannot, ought not, to be naturalized. Yet, whatever be the value of this doctrine *à priori*, authorship of the first class has so far set it aside as to choose subjects physically repulsive, and invest them with strange interest, and make the mortal put on immortality, the corrupt, incorruption. We need but name Boccaccio, and Shelley, and Professor Wilson. The truth seems to be, that such subjects are only incompatible with the laws of art in fiction, or painting, and sculpture, when the physical is portrayed to the exclusion of the moral; when material horror absorbs the sense of mental energy, and over-rides the majesty of the human will. The opinion of some, that we have too much of pain and evil in actual life; and, therefore, may shun them in fiction, has been not unjustly controverted on the ground that this is to make art a mere "amusement (*i. e.*, an escape from the Muse), and to look on the terrible realities of life only as things to be endured," thus refusing to connect them with the "ideals of God, with the visions and ambitions of the soul." Our author is not the one to omit this religious element in any story of her weaving, least of all in one where God moves in so mysterious a way, and where the reader is called upon to stand between the living and the dead, and to behold a thousand fall beside him, and ten thousand at his right hand, victims of the pestilence that destroyeth at noon-day—which fanaticism personifies as a dreadful form with out-stretched sword "gleaming like a diamond-stone," and his eyes "like fire gazing over the city, and his face terrible, and yet so fair, and his garments like a wondrous mist, with the sunshine below." Edith Field is the bright presence, with something of angelic light, amid the blackness of darkness; and the part she plays, and the tone given to the tale by her pervading spirit, distinguish it from previous fictions on the same theme—such as "Old St. Paul's," and "Sir Ralph Esher," and "Brambletye House."

\* The author is as little disposed to "Female Domination" as Mrs. Gore. By the mouth of Anne Ross, she says, "I do utterly condemn and abominate all that rubbish of rights of women, and woman's mission, and woman's influence, and all the rest of it; I never hear these cant words, but I blush for them. . . . Let us do our work as honorably and wisely as we can, but for pity's sake do not let us make this mighty noise and bustle about it. We have our own strength, and honor, and dignity—no one disputes it; but dignity, and strength, and honor are things to live in us, not to be talked about; only do not let us be so thoroughly self-conscious—no one gains respect by claiming it."—*"Merkland,"* vol. ii., pp. 39, 40.

And again:—"We stoop mightily from our just position when we condescend to meddle with such humiliating follies as the rights of woman; we compromise our becoming dignity when we involve ourselves in a discreditable warfare, every step in advance of which is a further humiliation to us." She adds, however, "The best mind will always assert itself in whomsoever it may dwell—we are safe in that. The weak ought to be controlled and guided; and will be, wherever there is a stronger, whether man or woman."—Vol. iii., pp. 33, 34.

We are not so sure as some of our "irritable race" that "Adam Greeme" has enhanced and will enhance its author's reputation; though we acknowledge the beauty of holiness, the truthfulness and pathos, the faithful presentment of Scottish life and manners, and the secret struggles of human suffering, which here, as in all her writings, impress, interest, and instruct. Tenderness and simplicity are here, with ample power to chasten and subdue; passing into our "purer mind, with tranquil restoration," and breathing there the "still, sad music of humanity." This we are "well pleased to recognize." But, on the other hand, it is neither very carefully nor completely written, and it reveals little novelty of character or incident. Probably it was written too fast—at any rate, with too much faith in the writer's hold on the public. A firm and kindly hold she has, and sorry we should be to see the grasp relaxed. New editions are not an infallible proof that critical croaking is superfluous.

DANGERS OF BRANDY DRINKING.—In the last number of the *Irish Quarterly Review* the weakness of poor Maginn is thus alluded to:

"He now turned for comfort and inspiration to the foul fiend, Brandy, which has been the cause of misery and death to so many men of genius. We regret the errors of Addison and Steele, we sigh at the recollections of poor Moreland, the painter, working at his last picture with the brush in one hand and a glass of brandy in the other, for he had then arrived at that terrible condition in which reason could visit him only through intoxication; and Maginn, although not so fallen as this, sunk deeply. The weary hours of lonely watching brought no resource, but that which copious draughts of the liquid could supply. Health was fading away, the brightest years of life were passed forever, and as the dim future lowered, he gazed upon it under the influence of that demon which enthralled the brilliant souls of Addison, of Sheridan, of Charles Lamb, and which sent the once stalwart form of Theodore Hook, a miserable, wretched skeleton to the grave. Maginn, we know, felt his position. He was neglected by his own party—he was forgotten by many of his former friends, and as we looked upon him in his pitiable condition, and compared what we then saw him with what he might have, and as we hoped would have, been, we often recalled the fearful passage of Charles Lamb:—'When you find a tickling relish upon your tongue disposing you to a witty sort of conversation, especially if you find a preternatural flow of ideas setting in upon you at the sight of a bottle and fresh glasses, avoid giving way to it as you would fly your greatest destruction. If you cannot crush the power of fancy, or that within you which you mistake for such, divert it, give it some other play. Write an essay, pen a character or description—but not as I do now, with tears trickling down your cheeks. To be an object of compassion to friends, of derision to foes; to be suspected by strangers, stared at by fools; to be esteemed dull when you cannot be witty, to be applauded for witty when you know that you have been dull; to be called upon for the extemporaneous exercise of that faculty which no premeditation can give; to be set on to provoke mirth which procures the procurer hatred; to give pleasure, and be paid with squinting malice; to swallow draughts of life-destroying wine, which are to be distilled into airy breath to tickle vain auditors; to mortgage miserable morrows for nights of madness; to waste whole seas of time upon those who pay it back in little inconsiderable drops of grudging applause—are the wages of buffoonery and death.'"

## BOOK XII. CONTINUED.—CHAPTER XIX.

THE scene is at Lansmere Park—a spacious pile, commenced in the reign of Charles II.; enlarged and altered in the reign of Anne. Brilliant interval in the history of our National Manners, when even the courtier dreaded to be dull, and Sir Fopling raised himself on tiptoe to catch the ear of a wit—when the names of Devonshire and Dorset, Halifax and Carteret, Oxford and Bolingbroke, unite themselves, brother-like, with those of Hobbes and of Dryden, of Prior and Bentley, of Arbuthnot, Gay, Pope, and Swift; and still, wherever we turn, to recognize some ideal of great lord or fine gentleman—the Immortals of Literature stand by his side.

The walls of the rooms at Lansmere were covered with the portraits of those who illustrate that time which Europe calls the Age of Louis XIV. A L'Estrange, who had lived through the reigns of four English princes (and with no mean importance through all), had collected those likenesses of noble contemporaries. As you passed through the chambers—opening one on the other in that pomp of parade introduced with Charles II. from the palaces of France, and retaining its mode till Versailles and the Trianon passed, themselves, out of date—you felt you were in excellent company. What saloons of our day, demeaned to tailed coats and white waistcoats, have that charm of high-breeding which speaks out from the canvass of Kneller and Jervis, Vivien and Rigaud! And withal, notwithstanding lace and brocade—the fripperies of artificial costume—still those who give interest or charm to that day, look from their portraits like men—raking or *debonnair*, if you will—never mincing nor feminine. Can we say as much of the portraits of Lawrence? Gaze there on fair Marlborough—what delicate perfection of features, yet how easy in boldness, how serene in the conviction of power! So fair and so tranquil he might have looked through the cannon-reek at Ramilies and Blenheim, suggesting to Addison the image of an angel of war. Ah, there, Sir Charles Sedley, the Lovelace of wits! Note that strong jaw and marked brow;—do you not recognize the courtier who scorned to ask one favor of the king with whom he lived as an equal, and who stretched forth the right hand of man to hurl from a throne the king who had made his daughter—a countess!\*

Perhaps, from his childhood thus surrounded by the haunting faces—that spoke of their age as they looked from the walls—that age and those portraits were not without influence on the character of Harley L'Estrange. The whim and the daring—the passion for letters and reverence for genius—the mixture of levity and strength—the polished sauntering indolence, or the elastic readiness of energies once called into action—all might have found their prototypes in the lives which those portraits rekindled. The deeper sentiment, the more earnest nature, which in Harley L'Estrange

were commingled with the attributes common to a former age—these, indeed, were of his own. Our age so little comprehended, while it colors us from its atmosphere!—so full of mysterious and profound emotions, which our ancestors never knew!—will those emotions be understood by our descendants!

In this stately house were now assembled, as Harley's guests, many of the more important personages whom the slow length of this story has made familiar to the reader. The two candidates for the borough in the True Blue interest—Audley Egerton and Randal Leslie;—and Levy—chief among the barons to whom modern society grants a seigniorie of pillage, which, had a baron of old ever ventured to arrogate, burgess and citizen, soeman and boeman, villein and churl, would have burned him alive in his castle;—the Duke di Serrano, still fondly clinging to his title of doctor and pet name of Riccabocca;—Jemima, not yet with the airs of a duchess, but robed in very thick silks, as the chrysalis state of a duchess;—Violante, too, was there, sadly against her will, and shrinking as much as possible into the retirement of her own chamber. The Countess of Lansmere had deserted her lord, in order to receive the guests of her son; my lord himself, ever bent on being of use in some part of his country, and striving hard to distract his interest from his plague of a borough, had gone down into Cornwall to inquire into the social condition of certain troglodytes who worked in some mines which the earl had lately had the misfortune to wring from the Court of Chancery, after a lawsuit commenced by his grandfather; and a Blue Book, issued in the past session by order of Parliament, had especially quoted the troglodytes thus devolved on the earl as bipeds who were in considerable ignorance of the sun, and had never been known to wash their feet since the day that they came into the world—their world underground, chipped off from the Bottomless Pit!

With the countess came Helen Digby, of course; and Lady Lansmere, who had hitherto been so civilly cold to the wife elect of her son, had, ever since her interview with Harley at Knightsbridge, clung to Helen with almost a caressing fondness. The stern countess was tamed by fear; she felt that her own influence over Harley was gone; she trusted to the influence of Helen—in case of what!—ay, of what! It was because the danger was not clear to her, that her bold spirit trembled: superstitions, like suspicions, are “as bats among birds, and fly by twilight.” Harley had ridiculed the idea of challenge and strife between Audley and himself; but still Lady Lansmere dreaded the fiery emotions of the last, and the high spirit and austere self-respect which were proverbial to the first. Involuntarily she strengthened her intimacy with Helen. In case her alarm should appear justified, what mediator could be so persuasive in appeasing the angrier passions, as one whom courtship and betrothal sanctified to the gentlest?

On arriving at Lansmere, the countess, however, felt somewhat relieved. Harley had received her, if with a manner less cordial and tender than had hitherto distinguished it, still with easy kindness and calm self-possession. His bearing towards Audley Egerton still more reassured her: it was not marked by an exaggeration of familiarity or

\* Sedley was so tenacious of his independence that, when his affairs were most embarrassed, he refused all pecuniary aid from Charles II. His bitter sarcasm, in vindication of the part he took in the deposition of James II., who had corrupted his daughter, and made her Countess of Dorchester, is well known. “As the king has made my daughter a countess, the least I can do, in common gratitude, is to assist in making his majesty's daughter—a queen!”



friendship—which would at once have excited her apprehensions of some sinister design—nor, on the other hand, did it betray, by covert sarcasms, an ill-suppressed resentment. It was just what, under the circumstances, would have been natural to a man who had received an injury from an intimate friend, which, in generosity or discretion, he resolved to overlook, but which those aware of it could just perceive had cooled or alienated the former affection. Indefatigably occupying himself with all the details of the election, Harley had fair pretext for absenting himself from Audley, who, really looking very ill, and almost worn out, pleaded indisposition as an excuse for dispensing with the fatigues of a personal canvass, and, passing much of his time in his own apartments, left all the preparations for contest to his more active friends. It was not till he had actually arrived at Lansmere that Audley became acquainted with the name of his principal opponent. Richard Avenel! the brother of Nora! rising up from obscurity thus to stand front to front against him in a contest on which all his fates were cast. Egerton quailed as before an appointed avenger. He would fain have retired from the field; he spoke to Harley.

"How can you support all the painful remembrances which the very name of my antagonist must conjure up?"

"Did you not tell me," answered Harley, "to strive against such remembrances—to look on them as sickly dreams! I am prepared to brave them. Can you be more sensitive than I?"

Egerton durst not say more. He avoided all further reference to the subject. The strife raged around him, and he shut himself out from it—shut himself up in solitude with his own heart. Strife enough there! Once, late at night, he stole forth and repaired to Nora's grave. He stood there, amidst the rank grass, and under the frosty starlight, long, and in profound silence. His whole past life seemed to rise before him; and, when he regained his lonely room, and strove to survey the future, still he could behold only that past and that grave.

In thus declining all active care for an election, to his prospects so important, Audley Egerton was considered to have excuse, not only in the state of his health, but in his sense of dignity. A statesman so eminent, of opinions so well known, of public services so incontestable, might well be spared the personal trouble that falls upon obscurer candidates. And besides, according to current report, and the judgment of the Blue Committee, the return of Mr. Egerton was secure. But, though Audley himself was thus indulgently treated, Harley and the Blue Committee took care to indict double work upon Randal. That active young spirit found ample materials for all its restless energies. Randal Leslie was kept on his legs from sunrise to starlight. There does not exist in the three kingdoms a constituency more fatiguing to a candidate than that borough of Lansmere. As soon as you leave the High Street, wherein, according to immemorial usage, the Blue canvasser is first led, in order to put him into spirits for the toils that await him—(delectable, propitious, constitutional High Street, in which at least two-thirds of the electors—opulent tradesmen employed at the Park—always vote for "my lord's man," and hospitably prepare wine and cakes in their tidy back-parlors!)—as soon as you quit this stronghold of the party, labyrinths of lanes and

defiles stretch away into the farthest horizon; level ground is found nowhere; it is all up hill and down hill—now rough crazy pavements that blister the feet, and at the very first tread upon which all latent corns shoot prophetically—now deep muddy ruts, into which you sink ankle-deep—oozing slush creeping into the pores, and moistening the way for catarrh, rheum, cough, sore throat, bronchitis, and phthisis. Black sewers, and drains Acherontian, running before the thresholds, and so filling the homes behind with effluvia, that, while one hand clasps the grimy paw of the voter, the other instinctively guards from typhus and cholera your abhorrent nose. Not in those days had mankind ever heard of a sanitary reform! and, to judge of the slow progress which that reform seems to make, sewer and drain would have been much the same if they had. Scot-and-lot voters were the independent electors of Lansmere, with the additional franchise of Freemen. Universal suffrage could scarcely more efficiently swamp the franchises of men who care a straw what becomes of Great Britain! With all Randal Leslie's profound diplomacy, all his art in talking over, deceiving, and (to borrow Dick Avenel's vernacular phrase) "humbugging" educated men, his eloquence fell flat upon minds invulnerable to appeals whether to State or to Church, to Reform or to Freedom. To catch a Scot-and-lot voter by such frivolous arguments—Randal Leslie might as well have tried to bring down a rhinoceros by a pop-gun charged with split peas! The young man who so firmly believed that "knowledge was power," was greatly disgusted. It was here the ignorance that foiled him. When he got hold of a man with some knowledge, Randal was pretty sure to trick him out of a vote.

Nevertheless, Randal Leslie walked and talked on, with most creditable perseverance. The Blue Committee allowed that he was an excellent canvasser. They conceived a liking for him, mingled with pity. For, though sure of Egerton's return, they regarded Randal's as out of the question. He was merely there to keep split votes from going to the opposite side; to serve his patron, the ex-minister; shake the paws, and smell the smells which the ex-minister was too great a man to shake and to smell. But, in point of fact, none of that Blue Committee knew anything of the prospects of the election. Harley received all the reports of each canvass-day. Harley kept the canvass-book, locked up from all eyes but his own, or it might be Baron Levy's, as Audley Egerton's confidential, if not strictly professional, adviser:—Baron Levy, the millionaire, had long since retired from all acknowledged professions. Randal, however—close, observant, shrewd—perceived that he himself was much stronger than the Blue Committee believed. And, to his infinite surprise, he owed that strength to Lord L'Estrange's exertions on his behalf. For, though Harley, after the first day on which he ostentatiously showed himself in the High Street, did not openly canvass with Randal, yet, when the reports were brought in to him, and he saw the names of the voters who gave one vote to Audley, and withheld the other from Randal, he would say to Randal, dead beat as that young gentleman was, "Slip out with me, the moment dinner is over, and before you go the round of the public-houses; there are some voters we must get for you to-night." And sure enough a few kindly words from the popular heir of the Lansmere baronies usually gained over the elec-

tors, from whom, though Randal had proved that all England depended on their votes in his favor, Randal would never have extracted more than a "Wu'll, I shall waute gin the dauy coomes!" Nor was this all that Harley did for the younger candidate. If it was quite clear that only one vote could be won for the Blues, and the other was pledged to the Yellows, Harley would say, "Then put it down to Mr. Leslie;"—a request the more readily conceded, since Audley Egerton was considered so safe by the Blues, and alone worth a fear by the Yellows.

Thus Randal, who kept a snug little canvass-book of his own, became more and more convinced that he had a better chance than Egerton, even without the furtive aid he expected from Avenel; and he could only account for Harley's peculiar exertions in his favor, by supposing that Harley, unpractised in elections, and deceived by the Blue Committee, believed Egerton to be perfectly safe, and sought, for the honor of the family interest, to secure both seats.

Randal's public cares thus deprived him of all opportunity of pressing his courtship on Violante; and, indeed, if ever he did find a moment in which he could steal to her reluctant side, Harley was sure to seize that very moment to send him off to canvass an hesitating freeman, or harangue in some public-house.

Leslie was too acute not to detect some motive hostile to his wooing, however plausibly veiled in the guise of zeal for his election, in this officiousness of Harley's. But Lord L'Estrange's manner to Violante was so little like that of a jealous lover, and he was so well aware of her engagement to Randal, that the latter abandoned the suspicion he had before conceived, that Harley was his rival. And he was soon led to believe that Lord L'Estrange had another, more disinterested, and less formidable motive for thus stinting his opportunities to woo the heiress.

"Mr. Leslie," said Lord L'Estrange, one day, "the duke has confided to me his regret at his daughter's reluctance to ratify his own promise; and, knowing the warm interest I take in her welfare—for his sake, and her own; believing, also, that some services to herself, as well as to the father she so loves, give me a certain influence over her inexperienced judgment, he has even requested me to speak a word to her in your behalf."

"Ah! if you would!" said Randal, surprised.

"You must give me the power to do so. You were obliging enough to volunteer to me the same explanations which you gave the duke, his satisfaction with which induced him to renew or confirm the promise of his daughter's hand. Should those explanations content me, as they did him, I hold the duke bound to fulfil his engagement, and I am convinced that his daughter would, in that case, not be inflexible to your suit. But, till these explanations be given, my friendship for the father, and my interest in the child, do not allow me to assist a cause, which, however, at present, suffers little by delay."

"Pray, listen at once to those explanations."

"Nay, Mr. Leslie, I can now only think of the election. As soon as that is over, rely on it, you shall have the amplest opportunity to dispel any doubts which your intimacy with Count di Peschiera and Madame di Negra may have suggested. Apropos of the election—here is a list of voters

you must see at once in Fish Lane. Don't lose a moment."

In the mean while, Richard Avenel and Leonard had taken up their quarters in the hotel appropriated to the candidates for the Yellows; and the canvass on that side was prosecuted with all the vigor which might have been expected from operations conducted by Richard Avenel, and backed by the popular feeling.

The rival parties met from time to time in the streets and lanes, in all the pomp of war—banners streaming, fifes resounding (for bands and colors were essential proofs of public spirit, and indispensable items in a candidate's bills, in those good old days). When they thus encountered, very distant bows were exchanged between the respective chiefs. But Randal, contriving ever to pass close to Avenel, had ever the satisfaction of perceiving that gentleman's countenance contracted into a knowing wink, as much as to say, "All right, in spite of this tarnation humbug."

But now that both parties were fairly in the field, to the private arts of canvassing were added the public arts or oratory. The candidates had to speak—at the close of each day's canvass—out from wooden boxes suspended from the windows of their respective hotels, and which looked like dens for the exhibition of wild beasts. They had to speak at meetings of committees—meetings of electors—go the nightly round of enthusiastic public-houses, and appeal to the sense of an enlightened people through wreaths of smoke and odors of beer.

The alleged indisposition of Audley Egerton had spared him the excitement of oratory, as well as the fatigue of canvassing. The practised debater had limited the display of his talents to a concise, but clear and masterly exposition of his own views on the leading public questions of the day and the state of parties, which, on the day after his arrival at Lansmere, was delivered at a meeting of his general committee—in the great room of their hotel—and which was then printed and circulated amongst the voters.

Randal, though he expressed himself with more fluency and self-possession than are usually found in the first attempts of a public speaker, was not effective in addressing an unlettered crowd;—for a crowd of this kind is all heart—and we know that Randal Leslie's heart was as small as heart could be. If he attempted to speak at his own intellectual level, he was so subtle and refining as to be incomprehensible; if he fell into the fatal error—not uncommon to inexperienced orators—of trying to lower himself to the intellectual level of his audience, he was only elaborately stupid. No man can speak too well for a crowd—as no man can write too well for the stage; but in neither case should he be rhetorical, or case in periods the dry bones of reasoning. It is to the emotions, or to the humors, that the speaker of a crowd must address himself; his eye must brighten with generous sentiment, or his lip must expand in the play of animated fancy or genial wit. Randal's voice, too, though pliant and persuasive in private conversation, was thin and poor when strained to catch the ear of a numerous assembly. The falsehood of his nature seemed to come out, when he raised the tones which had been drilled into deceit. Men like Randal Leslie may become sharp debaters—admirable special pleaders; they can no more become orators than they can become poets. Educated audiences are essential to them,

and the smaller the audience (that is, the more the brain supersedes the action of the heart) the better they can speak.

Dick Avenel was generally very short and very pithy in his addresses. He had two or three favorite topics, which always told. He was a fellow-townsmen—a man who had made his own way in life—he wanted to free his native place from aristocratic usurpation—it was the battle of the electors, not his private cause, &c. He said little against Randal—"Pity a clever young man should pin his future to two yards of worn-out red tape."—"He had better lay hold of the strong rope, which the people, in compassion to his youth, were willing yet to throw out, to save him from sinking," &c. But as for Audley Egerton, "the gentleman who would not show, who was afraid to meet the electors, who could only find his voice in a hole-and-corner meeting, accustomed all his venal life to dark and nefarious jobs"—Dick, upon that subject, delivered philippics truly Demosthenian. Leonard, on the contrary, never attacked Harley's friend, Mr. Egerton; but he was merciless against the youth who had filched reputation from John Burley, and whom he knew that Harley despised as heartily as himself. And Randal did not dare to retaliate (though boiling over with indignant rage), for fear of offending Leonard's uncle. Leonard was unquestionably the popular speaker of the three. Though his temperament was a writer's, not an orator's—though he abhorred what he considered the theatrical exhibition of self, which makes what is called "delivery" more effective than ideas—though he had little interest at any time in party politics—though at this time his heart was far away from the Blues and Yellows of Lansmere, sad and forlorn—yet, forced into action, the eloquence that was natural to his conversation poured itself forth. He had warm blood in his veins; and his dislike to Randal gave poignancy to his wit, and barbed his arguments with impassioned invective. In fact, Leonard could conceive no other motive for Lord L'Estrange's request to take part in the election, than that nobleman's desire to defeat the man whom they both regarded as an impostor. And this notion was confirmed by some inadvertent expressions which Avenel let fall, and which made Leonard suspect that, if he were not in the field, Avenel would have exerted all his interest to return Randal instead of Egerton. With Dick's dislike to that statesman, Leonard found it impossible to reason; nor, on the other hand, could all Dick's scoldings or coaxings induce Leonard to divert his siege on Randal to an assault upon the man, who, Harley had often said, was dear to him as a brother.

In the mean while, Dick kept the canvass-book of the Yellows as closely as Harley kept that of the Blues; and, in despite of many pouting fits and gusts of displeasure, took precisely the same pains for Leonard as Harley took for Randal. There remained, however, apparently unshaken by the efforts on either side, a compact body of about a hundred and fifty voters, chiefly freemen. Would they vote Yellow—would they vote Blue? No one could venture to decide; but they declared that they would all vote the same way. Dick kept his secret "caucuses," as he called them, constantly nibbling at this phalanx. A hundred and fifty voters!—they had the election in their hands! Never were hands so cordially shaken—as caressingly clung to—so fondly lingered upon! But the

votes still stuck as firm to the hands as if a part of the skin, or of the dirt—which was much the same thing.

## CHAPTER XX.

WHENEVER Audley joined the other guests of an evening—while Harley was perhaps closeted with Levy and committee-men, and Randal was going the rounds of the public-houses—the one with whom he chiefly conversed was Violante. He had been struck at first, despite his gloom, less perhaps by her extraordinary beauty, than by something in the expression of her countenance which, despite differences in feature and complexion, reminded him of Nora; and when, by his praises of Harley, he drew her attention, and won into her liking, he discovered, perhaps, that the likeness which had thus impressed him, came from some similarities in character between the living and the lost one—the same charming combination of lofty thought and childlike innocence—the same enthusiasm—the same rich exuberance of imagination and feeling. Two souls that resemble each other will give their likeness to the looks from which they beam. On the other hand, the person with whom Harley most familiarly associated, in his rare intervals of leisure, was Helen Digby. One day, Audley Egerton, standing mournfully by the window of the sitting-room appropriated to his private use, saw the two, whom he believed still betrothed, take their way across the park, side by side. "Pray Heaven, that she may atone to him for all!" murmured Audley. "But ah, that it had been Violante! Then I might have felt assured that the Future would efface the Past—and found the courage to tell him all. And when last night I spoke of what Harley ought to be to England, how like were her eyes and her smile to Nora's when Nora listened in delighted sympathy to the hopes of my own young ambition." With a sigh he turned away, and resolutely sat down to read and reply to the voluminous correspondence which covered the table of the busy public man. For, Audley's return to Parliament being considered by his political party as secure, to him were transmitted all the hopes and fears of the large and influential section of it whose members looked up to him as their future chief, and who, in that general election (unprecedented for the number of eminent men it was fated to expel from Parliament, and the number of new politicians it was fated to send into it), drew their only hopes of regaining their lost power from Audley's sanguine confidence in the reaction of that public opinion which he had hitherto so profoundly comprehended; and it was too clearly seen, that the seasonable adoption of his counsels would have saved the existence and popularity of the late administration, whose most distinguished members could now scarcely show themselves on the hustings.

Meanwhile Lord L'Estrange led his young companion towards a green hill in the centre of the park, on which stood a circular temple, that commanded a view of the country round for miles. They had walked in silence till they gained the summit of the sloped and gradual ascent; and then, as they stood, still side by side, Harley thus spoke—

"Helen, you know that Leonard is in the town, though I cannot receive him at the Park, since he is standing in opposition to my guests, Egerton and Leslie."

Helen.—“But that seems to me so strange. How—how could Leonard do anything that seems hostile to you?”

Harley.—“Would his hostility to me lower him in your opinion? If he knows that I am his rival, does not rivalry include hate?”

Helen.—“Oh, Lord L'Estrange, how can you speak thus!—how so wrong yourself! Hate, hate to you! and from Leonard Fairfield!”

Harley.—“You evade my question. Would his hate or hostility to me affect your sentiments towards him?”

Helen, (looking down).—“I could not force myself to believe in it.”

Harley.—“Why?”

Helen.—“Because it would be so unworthy of him.”

Harley.—“Poor child! You have the delusion of your years. You deck a cloud in the hues of the rainbow, and will not believe that its glory is borrowed from the sun of your own fancy. But here, at least, you are not deceived. Leonard obeys but my wishes, and, I believe, against his own will. He has none of man's noblest attribute, Ambition.”

Helen.—“No ambition!”

Harley.—“It is vanity that stirs the poet to toil—if toil the wayward chase of his own chimeras can be called. Ambition is a more masculine passion.”

Helen shook her head gently, but made no answer.

Harley.—“If I utter a word that profanes one of your delusions, you shake your head and are incredulous. Pause; listen one moment to my counsels—perhaps the last I may ever obtrude upon you. Lift your eyes; look around. Far as your eye can reach, and far beyond the line which the horizon forms in the landscape, stretch the lands of my inheritance. Yonder you see the home in which my forefathers for many generations lived with honor and died lamented. All these, in the course of nature, might one day have been your own, had you not rejected my proposals. I offered you, it is true, not what is commonly called Love; I offered you sincere esteem, and affections the more durable for their claim. You have not been reared by the world in the low idolatry of rank and wealth. But even romance cannot despise the power of serving others, which rank and wealth bestow. For myself, hitherto indolence, and lately disdain, rob fortune of these noble attributes. But she who will share my fortune may dispense it so as to atone for my sins of omission. On the other side, grant that there is no bar to your preference for Leonard Fairfield, what does your choice present to you? Those of his kindred with whom you will associate are unrefined and mean. His sole income is derived from precarious labors; the most vulgar of all anxieties—the fear of bread itself for the morrow—must mingle with all your romance, and soon steal from love all its poetry. You think his affection will console you for every sacrifice. Folly!—the love of poets is for a mist—a moonbeam—a denizen of air—a phantom that they call an Ideal. They suppose for a moment that they have found that ideal in Chloe or Phyllis—Helen or a milkmaid. Bah!—the first time you come to the poet with the baker's bill, where flies the Ideal? I knew one more brilliant than Leonard—more exquisitely gifted by Nature—that one was a woman; she saw a man hard and cold as that stone at your feet—a false, hollow, sordid world-

ling; she made him her idol—beheld in him all that history would not recognize in Cæsar—that mythology would scarcely grant to an Apollo; to him she was the plaything of an hour—she died, and before the year was out he had married for money! I knew another instance—I speak of myself. I loved before I was your age. Had an angel warned me then, I would have been incredulous as you. How that ended, no matter; but had it not been for that dream of maudlin delirium, I had lived and acted as others of my kind and my sphere—married from reason and judgment—been now a useful and happy man. Pause, then. Will you still reject me for Leonard Fairfield? For the last time you have the option—me and all the substance of waking life—Leonard Fairfield and the shadows of a fleeting dream. Speak! You hesitate. Nay, take time to decide.”

Helen.—“Ah! Lord L'Estrange, you who have felt what it is to love, how can you doubt my answer!—how think that I could be so base, so ungrateful as to take from yourself what you call the substance of waking life, while my heart was far away—faithful to what you call a dream?”

Harley.—“But, can you not dispel the dream?”

Helen, (her whole face in one flush).—“It was wrong to call it dream! It is the reality of life to me. All things else are as dreams.”

Harley, (taking her hand, and kissing it with respect).—“Helen, you have a noble heart, and I have tempted you in vain. I regret your choice, though I will no more oppose it. I regard it, though I shall never witness your disappointment. As the wife of that man I shall see and know you no more.”

Helen.—“Oh no!—do not say that. Why!—wherefore?”

Harley, (his brows meeting).—“He is the child of fraud and of shame. His father is my foe, and my hate descends to the son. He, too, the son, filches from me—but complaints are idle. When the next few days are over, think of me but as one who abandons all right over your actions, and is a stranger to your future fate. Pooh!—dry your tears; so long as you love Leonard or esteem me, rejoice that our paths do not cross.”

He walked on impatiently; but Helen, alarmed and wondering, followed close, took his arm timidly, and sought to soothe him. She felt that he wronged Leonard—that he knew not how Leonard had yielded all hope when he learned to whom she was affianced. For Leonard's sake she conquered her bashfulness, and sought to explain. But at her first hesitating, faltered words, Harley, who with great effort suppressed the emotions which swelled within him, abruptly left her side, and plunged into the recesses of thick, far-spreading groves, that soon wrapt him from her eye.

While this conversation occurred between Lord L'Estrange and his ward, the *soi-disant* Riccabocca and Violante were walking slowly through the gardens. The philosopher, unchanged by his brightening prospects—so far as the outer man was concerned—still characterized by the red umbrella, and the accustomed pipe—took the way mechanically towards the sunniest quarters of the grounds, now and then glancing tenderly at Violante's downcast, melancholy face, but not speaking; only, at each glance, there came a brisker cloud from the pipe, as if obedient to a fuller heave of the heart.

At length, in a spot which lay open towards the south, and seemed to collect all the gentlest beams



of the November sun, screened from the piercing east by dense evergreens, and flanked from the bleak north by lofty walls, Riccabocca paused and seated himself. Flowers still bloomed on the sward in front, over which still fluttered the wings of those later and more brilliant butterflies that, unseen in the genial days of our English summer, come with autumnal skies, and sport round the mournful steps of the coming winter—types of those thoughts which visit and delight the contemplation of age, while the current yet glides free from the iron ice, and the leaves yet linger on the boughs; thoughts that associate the memories of the departed summer with messages from suns that shall succeed the winter, and expand colors the most steeped in light and glory, just as the skies through which they gleam are darkening, and the flowers on which they hover fade from the surface of the earth—dropping still seeds, that sink deep out of sight below.

"Daughter," said Riccabocca, drawing Violante to his side, with caressing arm—"Daughter! Mark, how they who turn towards the south can still find the sunny side of the landscape! In all the seasons of life, how much of chill or of warmth depends on our choice of the aspect! Sit down—let us reason."

Violante sat down passively, clasping her father's hand in both her own. Reason!—harsh word to the ears of feeling.

"You shrink," resumed Riccabocca, "from even the courtship, even the presence of the suitor in whom my honor binds me to recognize your future bridegroom."

Violante drew away her hands, and placed them before her eyes, shudderingly.

"But," continued Riccabocca, rather peevishly, "this is not listening to reason. I may object to Mr. Leslie because he has not an adequate rank or fortune to pretend to a daughter of my house; that would be what every one would allow to be reasonable in a father; except, indeed," added the poor sage, trying hard to be sprightly, and catching hold of a proverb to help him—"except, indeed, those wise enough to recollect that admonitory saying, 'Casa il figlio, quando vuoi, e la figlia quando puoi'—(Marry your son when you will, your daughter when you can). Seriously, if I overlook those objections to Mr. Leslie, it is not natural for a young girl to enforce them. What is reason in you is quite another thing from reason in me. Mr. Leslie is young, not ill-looking, has the air of a gentleman, is passionately enamored of you, and has proved his affection by risking his life against that villanous Peschiera—that is, he would have risked it had Peschiera not been shipped out of the way. If, then, you will listen to reason, pray what can reason say against Mr. Leslie?"

"Father, I detest him!"

"*Cospetto!*" persisted Riccabocca, testily, "you have no reason to detest him. If you had any reason, child, I am sure that I should be the last person to dispute it. How can you know your own mind on such a matter? It is not as if you had seen any one else you could prefer. Not another man of your own years do you even know—except, indeed, Leonard Fairfield, whom, though I grant he is handsomer, and with more imagination and genius than Mr. Leslie, you still must remember as the boy who worked in my garden. Ah! to be sure, there is Frank Hazeldean—fine lad—but his affections are preëngaged. In short," continued the sage, dogmatically, "there is no

one else you *can*, by any possible caprice, prefer to Mr. Leslie; and for a girl, who has no one else in her head, to talk of detesting a well-looking, well-dressed, clever young man, is—a nonsense—'chi lascia il poco per haver l'assai nè l'uno, nè l'altro avera mai;'—which may be thus paraphrased—The young lady who refuses a mortal in the hope of obtaining an angel, loses the one, and will never fall in with the other. So, now, having thus shown that the darker side of the question is contrary to reason—let us look to the brighter. In the first place—"

"Oh, father, father!" cried Violante passionately, "you to whom I once came for comfort in every childish sorrow! Do not talk to me with this cutting levity. See, I lay my head upon your breast—I put my arms around you—and now, can you reason me into misery?"

"Child, child, do not be so wayward. Strive, at least, against a prejudice that you cannot defend. My Violante, my darling, this is no trifle. Here I must cease to be the fond, foolish father, whom you can do what you will with. Here I am Alphonso Duke di Serrano; for here my honor as noble, and my word as man, are involved. I, then but a helpless exile—no hope of fairer prospects before me—trembling like a coward at the wiles of my unscrupulous kinsman—grasping at all chances to save you from his snares—I myself offered your hand to Randal Leslie—offered, promised, pledged it;—and now that my fortunes seem assured, my rank in all likelihood restored, my foe crushed, my fears at rest—now, does it become me to retract what I myself had urged! It is not the noble, it is the parvenu, who has only to grow rich, in order to forget those whom in poverty he hailed as his friends.\* Is it for me to make the poor excuse, never heard on the lips of an Italian prince, 'that I cannot command the obedience of my child,'—subject myself to the galling answer—'Duke of Serrano, you could once command that obedience, when, in exile, penury, and terror, you offered me a bride without a dower!' Child—Violante—daughter of ancestors on whose honor never slander set a stain, I call on you to redeem your father's plighted word."

"Father, must it be so? Is not even the convent open to me? Nay, look not so coldly on me. If you could but read my heart! And, oh! I feel so assured of your own repentance hereafter—so assured that this man is not what you believe him. I so suspect that he has been playing throughout some secret and perfidious part."

"Ha!" interrupted Riccabocca, "Harley has perhaps infected you with that notion."

"No—no. But is not Harley—is not Lord L'Estrange one whose opinion you have cause to esteem? And if he distrust Mr. Leslie—"

"Let him make good his distrust by such proof as will absolve my word, and I shall share your own joy. I have told him this. I have invited him to make good his suspicions—he puts me off. He cannot do so," added Riccabocca, in a dejected tone; "Randal has already so well explained all that Harley deemed equivocal. Violante, my name and my honor rest in your hands. Cast them away if you will; I cannot constrain you, and I cannot stoop to implore. *Noblesse oblige*—with your birth you took its duties. Let them decide

\* Quando 'l villano è divenuto ricco  
Non ha (i. e., riconosce) parente nè amico.  
Italian Proverb.

between your vain caprice and your father's solemn remonstrance."

Assuming a sternness that he was far from feeling, and putting aside his daughter's arms, the exile walked away.

Violante paused a moment, shivered, looked round as if taking a last farewell of joy, and peace, and hope on earth, and then approaching her father with a firm step, she said—"I never rebelled, father; I did but entreat. What you say is my law now, as it has ever been; and come what may, never shall you hear complaint or murmur from me. Poor father, you will suffer more than I shall. Kiss me!"

About an hour afterwards, as the short day closed in, Harley, returning from his solitary wanderings, after he had parted from Helen, encountered on the terrace, before the house, Lady Lansmere and Audley Egerton arm-in-arm.

Harley had drawn his hat over his brows, and his eyes were fixed on the ground, so that he did not see the group upon which he came unawares, until Audley's voice started him from his reverie.

"My dear Harley," said the ex-minister, with a faint smile, "you must not pass us by, now that you have a moment of leisure from the cares of the election. And, Harley, though we are under the same roof, I see you so little." Lord L'Estrange darted a quick glance towards his mother—a glance that seemed to say, "You leaning on Audley's arm! Have you kept your promise!" And the eye that met his own reassured him.

"It is true," said Harley; "but you, who know that once engaged in public affairs, one has no heart left for the ties of private life, will excuse me. And this election is so important!"

"And you, Mr. Egerton," said Lady Lansmere, "whom the election most concerns, seem privileged to be the only one who appears indifferent to success."

"Ay—but you are not indifferent!" said Lord L'Estrange, abruptly.

"No. How can I be so, when my whole future career may depend on it!"

Harley drew Egerton aside. "There is one voter you ought at least to call upon and thank. He cannot be made to comprehend that, for the sake of any relation, even for the sake of his own son, he is to vote against the Blues—against you;—I mean, of course, Nora's father, John Avenel. His vote and his son-in-law's gained your majority at your first election."

Egerton.—"Call on John Avenel! Have you called?"

Harley, (calmly).—"Yes. Poor old man, his mind has been affected ever since Nora's death. But your name, as the candidate for the borough at that time—the successful candidate for whose triumph the joy-bells chimed with her funeral knell—your name brings up her memory; and he talks in a breath of her and of you. Come, let us walk together to his house; it is close by the Park Lodge."

The drops stood on Audley's brow. He fixed his dark, handsome eyes, in mournful amaze, upon Harley's tranquil face.

"Harley, at last, then, you have forgotten the Past."

"No; but the Present is more imperious. All my efforts are needed to requite your friendship. You stand against her brother—yet her father votes for you. And her mother says to her son, 'Let the old man alone! Conscience is all that is

well alive in him; and he thinks if he were to vote against the Blues, he would sin against honor.' 'An electioneering prejudice,' some sceptics would say. But you must be touched by this trait of human nature—in her father too—you, Audley Egerton, who are the soul of honor. What ails you?"

Egerton.—"Nothing—a spasm at the heart—my old complaint. Well, I will call on the poor man later, but not now—not with you. Nay, nay, I will not—I cannot. Harley, just as you joined us, I was talking to your mother."

Harley.—"Ay, and what of?"

Egerton.—"Yourself. I saw you from my windows walking with your betrothed. Afterwards I observed her coming home alone; and by the glimpse I caught of her gentle countenance, it seemed sad. Harley, do you deceive us?"

Harley.—"Deceive—I!—How?"

Egerton.—"Do you really feel that your intended marriage will bestow on you the happiness which is my prayer, as it must be your mother's?"

Harley.—"Happiness—I hoped so. But perhaps—"

Egerton.—"Perhaps what?"

Harley.—"Perhaps the marriage may not take place. Perhaps I have a rival—not an open one—a secret, stealthy wooer—in one, too, whom I have loved, served, trusted. Question me not now. Such instances of treachery make one learn more how to prize a friendship honest, devoted, faithful as your own, Audley Egerton. But here comes your protégé, released awhile from his canvass, and your confidential adviser, Baron Levy. He accompanied Randal through the town to-day. So anxious is he to see that that young man does not play false, and regard his own interest before yours. Would that surprise you?"

Egerton.—"You are too severe upon Randal Leslie. He is ambitious, worldly—has no surplus of affection at the command of his heart—"

Harley.—"Is it Randal Leslie you describe?"

Egerton, (with a languid smile).—"Yes, you see I do not flatter. But he is born and reared a gentleman; as such he would scarcely do anything mean. And, after all, it is with me that he must rise or fall. His very intellect must tell him that. But again I ask, do not strive to prepossess me against him. I am a man who could have loved a son. I have none. Randal, such as he is, is a sort of son. He carries on my projects and my interest in the world of men beyond the goal of the tomb."

Audley turned kindly to Randal.

"Well, Leslie, what report of the canvass?"

"Levy has the book, sir. I think we have gained ten fresh votes for you, and perhaps seven for me."

"Let me rid you of your book, Baron Levy," said Harley.

Just at this time Riccabocca and Violante approached the house, both silent. The Italian caught sight of Randal, and made him a sign to join them. The young lover glanced fearfully toward Harley, and then with alacrity bounded forward, and was soon at Violante's side. But scarce had Harley, surprised by Leslie's sudden disappearance, remarked the cause, than with equal abruptness he abandoned the whispered conference he had commenced with Levy, and, hastening to Randal, laid hand on the young man's shoulder, exclaiming "Ten thousand pardons to all three! But I cannot allow this waste of time,

Mr. Leslie. You have yet an hour before it grows dark. There are three outvoters six miles off, influential farmers, whom you must canvass in person with my father's steward. Hasten to the stables; choose your own horses. To saddle—to saddle! Baron Levy, go and order my lord's steward, Mr. Smart, to join Mr. Leslie at the stables; then come back to me—quick. What!—loitering still, Mr. Leslie! You will make me throw up your whole cause in disgust at your indolence and apathy."

Alarmed at this threat, Randal lifted his accusing eyes to heaven, and withdrew.

Meanwhile Audley had drawn close to Lady Lansmere, who was leaning in thought, over the balustrade of the terrace.

"Do you note," said Audley, whispering, "how Harley sprang forward when the fair Italian came in sight! Trust me, I was right. I know little of the young lady, but I have conversed with her. I have gazed on the changes in her face. If Harley ever love again, and if ever love influence and exalt his mind, wish with me that his choice may yet fall where I believe that his heart inclines it."

Lady Lansmere.—"Ah! that it were so! Helen, I own, is charming; but—Violante, his equal in birth! Are you not aware that she is engaged to your young friend, Mr. Leslie?"

Audley.—"Randal told me so; but I cannot believe it. In fact, I have taken occasion to sound that fair creature's inclinations, and if I know aught of women, her heart is not with Randal. I cannot believe her to be one whose affections are so weak as to be easily constrained; nor can I suppose that her father could desire to enforce a marriage that is almost a *mésalliance*. Randal must deceive himself; and from something Harley just let fall, in our painful but brief conversation, I suspect that his engagement with Miss Digby is broken off. He promises to tell me more, later. Yes," continued Audley, mournfully, "observe Violante's countenance, with its ever-varying play; listen to her voice, to which feeling seems to give the expressive music, and tell me whether you are not sometimes reminded of—of—in one word, there is one who, even without rank or fortune, would be worthy to replace the image of Leonora, and be to Harley—what Leonora could not; for sure I am that Violante loves him."

Harley, meanwhile, had lingered with Riccabocca and Violante, speaking but on indifferent subjects, obtaining short answers from the first, and none from the last—when the sage drew him a little aside, and whispered, "She has consented to sacrifice herself to my sense of honor. But, O Harley! if she be unhappy, it will break my heart. Either you must give me sufficient proof of Randal's unworthiness, to absolve me from my promise—or I must again entreat you to try and conciliate the poor child in his favor. All you say has weight with her; she respects you as—a second father."

Harley did not seem peculiarly flattered by that last assurance, but he was relieved from an immediate answer, by the appearance of a man who came from the direction of the stables, and whose dress, covered with dust, and travel-stained, seemed like that of a foreign courier. No sooner did Harley catch sight of this person, than he sprang forward, and accosted him briefly and rapidly.

"You have been quick: I did not expect you so

soon. You discovered the trace! You gave my letter—"

"And have brought back the answer, my lord," replied the man, taking a letter from a leathern pouch at his side. Harley tore open the seal, and glanced over the contents, which were comprised in a few lines.

"Good. Say not whence you came. Do not wait here; return at once to London."

Harley's face seemed so unusually cheerful as he rejoined the Italians, that the duke exclaimed—

"A despatch from Vienna! My recall!"

"From Vienna, my dear friend? Not possible yet. I cannot calculate on hearing from the prince till a day or two before the close of this election. But you wish me to speak to Violante. Join my mother yonder. What can she be saying to Mr. Egerton! I will address a few words apart to your fair daughter, that may at least prove the interest in her fate taken by—her second father."

"Kindest of friends," said the unsuspecting pupil of Machiavel; and he walked towards the terrace. Violante was about to follow. Harley detained her.

"Do not go till you have thanked me; for you are not the noble Violante for whom I take you, unless you acknowledge gratitude to any one who delivers you from the presence of an admirer in Mr. Randal Leslie."

Violante.—"Ought I to hear this of one whom—whom—"

Harley.—"One whom your father obstinately persists in obtruding on your repugnance. Yet, O dear child, you, when almost an infant, ere yet you knew what snares, and pitfalls, for all who trust to another, lie under the sword at our feet, even when decked the fairest with the flowers of spring—you who put your small hands around my neck, and murmured in your musical voice, 'Save us—save my father;' you at least I will not forsake, in peril worse than that which menaced you then—a peril which affrights you more than that which threatened you in the snares of Peschiera. Randal Leslie may thrive in his meaner objects of ambition; these I fling to him in scorn;—but *you!* the presuming varlet!" Harley paused a moment, half stifled with indignation. He then resumed calmly—"Trust to me, and fear not. I will rescue this hand from the profanation of Randal Leslie's touch; and then farewell, for life, to every soft emotion. Before me expands the welcome solitude. The innocent saved, the honest righted, the perfidious stricken by a just retribution—and then—what then! Why, at least I shall have studied Machiavel with more effect than your wise father; and I shall lay him aside, needing no philosophy to teach me never again to be deceived." His brow darkened; he turned abruptly away, leaving Violante lost in amaze, fear—and a delight, vague, yet more vividly felt than all.

#### CHAPTER XXI.

THAT night, after the labors of the day, Randal had gained the sanctuary of his own room, and seated himself at his table, to prepare the heads of the critical speech he would have now very soon to deliver on the day of nomination—critical speech when, in the presence of foes and friends, reporters from London, and amidst all the jarring interests that he sought to weave into the sole self-interest of Randal Leslie, he would be called upon to make the formal exposition of his political opinions.

Randal Leslie, indeed, was not one of those speakers whom either modesty, fastidiousness, or conscientious desire of truth predisposes towards the labor of written composition. He had too much cleverness to be in want of fluent period or ready commonplace—the ordinary materials of oratorical impromptu—too little taste for the Beautiful to study what graces of diction will best adorn a noble sentiment—too obtuse a conscience to care if the popular argument were purified from the dross which the careless flow of a speech wholly extemporaneous rarely fails to leave around it. But this was no ordinary occasion. Elaborate study here was requisite, not for the orator, but the hypocrite. Hard task, to please the Blues and not offend the Yellows;—appear to side with Audley Egerton, yet insinuate sympathy with Dick Avenel;—confront, with polite smile, the younger opponents whose words had lodged arrows in his vanity, which rankled the more gallingly because they had raised the skin of his conscience.

He had dipped his pen into the ink, and smoothed the paper before him, when a knock was heard at the door.

"Come in," said he, impatiently. Levy entered, saunteringly.

"I am come to talk over matters with you, *mon cher*," said the baron, throwing himself on the sofa. "And, first, I wish you joy of your prospects of success."

Randal postponed his meditated composition with a quick sigh, drew his chair towards the sofa, and lowered his voice into a whisper. "You think with me, that the chance of my success—is good?"

"Chance! Why, it is a rubber of whist, in which your partner gives you all the winnings, and in which the adversary is almost sure to revoke. Either Avenel or his nephew, it is true, must come in; but not both. Two parvenus aspiring to make a family seat of an earl's borough! Bah! too absurd."

"I hear from Riccabocca (or rather the Duke di Serrano) that this same young Fairfield is greatly indebted to the kindness of Lord L'Estrange. Very odd that he should stand against the Lansmère interest."

"Ambition, *mon cher*. You yourself are under some obligation to Mr. Egerton. Yet, in reality, he has more to apprehend from you than from Mr. Fairfield."

"I disown obligations to Mr. Egerton. And if the electors prefer me to him (whom, by the by, they once burned in effigy), it is no fault of mine; the fault, if any, will rest with his own dearest friend, L'Estrange. I do not understand how a man of such clear sense, as L'Estrange undoubtedly possesses, should be risking Egerton's election in his zeal for mine. Nor do his formal courtesies to myself deceive me. He has even implied that he suspects me of connivance with Peschiera's schemes on Violante. But those suspicions he cannot support. For, of course, Levy, you would not betray me?"

"I! What possible interest could I serve in that?"

"None that I can discover, certainly," said Randal, relaxing into a smile. "And when I get into Parliament, aided by the social position which my marriage will give me, I shall have so many ways to serve you. No, it is certainly your interest not to betray me. And I shall count on you as a witness, if a witness can be required."

"Count on me, certainly, my dear fellow," said

the baron. "And I suppose there will be no witness the other way. Done for eternally is my poor dear friend Peschiera, whose cigars, by the by, are matchless;—I wonder if there will be any for sale. And if he were not so done for, it is not you, it is L'Estrange, that he would be tempted to do for."

"We may blot Peschiera out of the map of the future," rejoined Randal. "Men from whom henceforth we have nothing to hope or to fear, are to us as the races before the deluge."

"Fine remark," quoth the baron, admiringly. "Peschiera, though not without brains, was a complete failure. And when the failure of one I have tried to serve is complete, the rule I have adopted through life is to give him up altogether."

"Of course," said Randal.

"Of course," echoed the baron. "On the other hand, you know that I like pushing forward young men of mark and promise. You really are amazingly clever; but how comes it you don't speak better! Do you know, I doubt whether you will do in the House of Commons all that I expected from your address and readiness in private life."

"Because I cannot talk trash vulgar enough for a mob! Pooh! I shall succeed wherever knowledge is really power. Besides, you must allow for my infernal position. You know, after all, that Avenel, if he can only return himself or his nephew, still holds in his hands the choice of the candidate upon our side. I cannot attack him—I cannot attack his insolent nephew—"

"Insolent!—not that, but bitterly eloquent. He hits you hard. You are no match for him, Randal, before a popular audience; though, *en petit comité*, the devil himself were hardly a match for you. But now to a somewhat more serious point. Your election you will win—your bride is promised to you; but the old Leslie lands in the present possession of Squire Thornhill, you have not gained—and your chance of gaining them is in great jeopardy. I did not like to tell you this morning—it would have spoiled your temper for canvassing; but I have received a letter from Thornhill himself. He has had an offer for the property, which is only £1000 short of what he asks. A city alderman, called Jobson, is the bidder; a man, it seems, of large means and few words. The alderman has fixed the date on which he must have a definite answer; and that date falls on the —th, two days after that fixed for the poll at Lansmère. The brute declares he will close with another investment, if Thornhill does not then come into his terms. Now, as Thornhill will accept these terms unless I can positively promise him better, and as those funds on which you calculated (had the marriage of Peschiera with Violante, and Frank Hazeldean with Madame di Negra, taken place) fail you, I see no hope for your being in time with the money—and the old lands of the Leslies must yield their rents to a Jobson."

"I care for nothing on earth like those old lands of my forefathers," said Randal, with unusual vehemence—"I reverence so little amongst the living—and I do reverence the dead. And my marriage will take place so soon; and the dower will so amply cover the paltry advance required."

"Yes; but the mere prospect of a marriage to the daughter of a man whose lands are still sequestered, would be no security to a money-lender."

"Surely," said Randal, "you, who once offered



to assist me when my fortunes were more precarious, might now accommodate me with this loan, as a friend, and keep the title-deeds of the estate as—"

"As a money-lender," added the baron, laughing pleasantly. "No, *mon cher*, I will still lend you half the sum required in advance, but the other half is more than I can afford as friend, or hazard as money-lender; and it would damage my character—be out of all rule—if, the estate falling, by your default of payment, into my own hands, I should appear to be the real purchaser of the property of my own distressed client. But, now I think of it, did not Squire Hazeldean really promise you his assistance in this matter?"

"He did so," answered Randal, "as soon as the marriage between Frank and Madame di Negra was off his mind. I meant to cross over to Hazeldean immediately after the election. How can I leave the place till then?"

"If you do, your election is lost. But why not write to the squire?"

"It is against my maxim to write where I can speak. However, there is no option; I will write at once. Meanwhile, communicate with Thornhill; keep up his hopes; and be sure, at least, that he does not close with this greedy alderman before the day fixed for decision."

"I have done all that already, and my letter is gone. Now, do your part; and if you write as cleverly as you talk, you would coax the money out from a stonier heart than poor Mr. Hazeldean's. I leave you now—Good night."

Levy took up his candlestick, nodded, yawned, and went.

Randal still suspended the completion of his speech, and indited the following epistle:—

"MY DEAR MR. HAZELDEAN,—I wrote to you a few hasty lines on leaving town, to inform you that the match you so much dreaded was broken off, and that I would defer particulars till I could visit your kind and hospitable roof, which I trusted to do for a few hours during my stay at Lansmere, since it is not a day's journey hence to Hazeldean. But I did not calculate on finding so sharp a contest. In no election throughout the kingdom do I believe that a more notable triumph, or a more stunning defeat, for the great landed interest can occur. For, in this town—so dependent on agriculture—we are opposed by a low and sordid manufacturer, of the most revolutionary notions, who has, moreover, the audacity to force his own nephew—that very boy whom I chastised for impertinence on your village green—son of a common carpenter—actually the audacity, I say, to attempt to force this peasant of a nephew, as well as himself, into the representation of Lansmere, against the earl's interest, against your distinguished brother—of myself I say nothing. You should hear the language in which these two men indulge against all your family! If we are beaten by such persons in a borough supposed to be so loyal as Lansmere, every one with a stake in the country may tremble at such a prognostic of the ruin that must await not only our old English constitution but the existence of property itself. I need not say that on such an occasion I cannot spare myself. Mr. Egerton is ill too. All the fatigue of the canvass devolves on me. I feel, my dear and revered friend, that I am a genuine Hazeldean, fighting your battle; and that thought carries me through all. I cannot, therefore, come to

you till the election is over; and meanwhile you and my dear Mrs. Hazeldean must be anxious to know more about the affair that so preyed on both your hearts, than I have yet informed you, or can well trust to a letter. Be assured, however, that the worst is over; the lady has gone abroad. I earnestly entreated Frank (who showed me Mrs. Hazeldean's most pathetic letter to him) to hasten at once to the hall, and relieve your minds. Unfortunately he would not be ruled by me, but talked of going abroad too—not, I trust (nay, I feel assured), in pursuit of Madame di Negra; but still—in short, I should be glad to see you and talk over the whole. Could you not come hither?—pray do. And now, at the risk of your thinking that in this I am only consulting my own interest (but no—your noble English heart will never so misjudge me!), I will add with homely frankness, that if you could accommodate me immediately with the loan you once so generously offered, you would save those lands once in my family from passing away from us forever. A city alderman—one Jobson—is meanly taking advantage of Thornhill's necessities, and driving a hard bargain for those lands. He has fixed the—th inst. for Thornhill's answer, and Levy (who is here assisting Mr. Egerton's election) informs me that Thornhill will accept his offer, unless I am provided with £10,000 beforehand; the other £10,000, to complete the advance required, Levy will lend me. Do not be surprised at the usurer's liberality; he knows that I am about shortly to marry a very great heiress (you will be pleased when you learn whom, and will then be able to account for my indifference to Miss Stickto-rights), and her dower will amply serve to repay his loan and your own, if I may trust to your generous affection for the grandson of a Hazeldean! I have the less scruple in this appeal to you, for I know how it would grieve you that a Jobson, who perhaps never knew a grandmother, should foist your own kinsman from the lands of his fathers. Of one thing I am convinced—we squires, and sons of squires, must make common causes against these great moneyed capitalists, or they will buy us all out in a few generations. The old race of country gentlemen is already much diminished by the grasping cupidity of such leviathans; and if the race be once extinct, what will become of the boast and strength of England?

"Yours, my dear Mr. Hazeldean, with most affectionate and grateful respect,

RANDAL LESLIE."

#### CHAPTER XXII.

NOTHING to Leonard could as yet be more distasteful or oppressive than his share in this memorable election. In the first place, it chafed the secret sores of his heart to be compelled to resume the name of Fairfield, which was a tacit disavowal of his birth. It had been such delight to him that the same letters which formed the name of Nora, should weave also that name of Oran, to which he had given distinction, which he had associated with all his nobler toils, and all his hopes of endearing fame—a mystic link between his own career and his mother's obscure genius. It seemed to him as if it was rendering to her the honors accorded to himself—subtle and delicate fancy of the affections, of which only poets would be capable, but which others than poets may perhaps comprehend! That earlier name of Fairfield was connected in his memory with all the ruder employments, the meaner trials of his boyhood—the name of Oran,

with poetry and fame. It was his title in the ideal world, amongst all fair shapes and spirits. In receiving the old appellation, the practical world, with its bitterness and strife, returned to him as at the utterance of a spell. But in coming to Lansmere he had no choice. To say nothing of Dick, and Dick's parents, with whom his secret would not be safe, Randal Leslie knew that he had gone by the name of Fairfield—knew his supposed parentage, and would be sure to proclaim them. How account for the later name without setting curiosity to read the anagram it involved, and perhaps guiding suspicion to his birth from Nora, to the injury of her memory, yet preserved from stain?

His feelings as connected with Nora—sharpened and deepened as they all had been by his discovery of her painful narrative—were embittered still more by coming in contact with her parents. Old John was in the same helpless state of mind and body as before—neither worse nor better; but waking up at intervals with vivid gleams of interest in the election at the wave of a blue banner—at the cry of "Blue forever." It was the old broken-down charger, who, dozing in the meadows, starts at the roll of the drum. No persuasions Dick could employ would induce his father to promise to vote even one Yellow. You might as well have expected the old Roman, with his monomaniac cry against Carthage, to have voted for choosing Carthaginians for consuls. But poor John, nevertheless, was not only very civil, but very humble to Dick—"very happy to oblige the gentleman."

"Your own son!" bawled Dick; "and here is your own grandson."

"Very happy to serve you both! but you see you are in the wrong color."

Then, as he gazed at Leonard, the old man approached him on trembling knees, stroked his hair, looked into his face piteously. "Be thee my grandson?" he faltered. "Wife, wife, Nora had no son, had she? My memory begins to fail me, sir; pray excuse it; but you have a look about the eyes that—" Old John began to weep, and his wife led him away.

"Don't come again," she said to Leonard harshly when she returned.

"He'll not sleep all night now!" And then, observing that the tears stood in Leonard's eyes, she added in softened tones—"I am glad to see you well and thriving, and to hear that you have been of great service to my son, Richard, who is a credit and an honor to the family, though poor John cannot vote for him or for you against his conscience; and he should not be asked," (she added, firing up;) "and it is a sin to ask it, and he so old, and no one to defend him but me. But defend him I will while I have life!"

The poet recognized woman's brave, loving, wife-like heart here, and would have embraced the stern grandmother, if she had not drawn back from him; and, as she turned towards the room to which she had led her husband, she said over her shoulder—

"I'm not so unkind as I seem, boy; but it is better for you, and for all, that you should not come to this house again—better that you had not come in'o the town."

"Fie, mother," said Dick, seeing that Leonard bending his head silently walked from the room. "You should be prouder of your grandson than you are of me."

"Prouder of him who may shame us all yet!"

"What do you mean?"

But Mrs. Avenel shook her head and vanished.

"Never mind her, poor old soul," said Dick, as he joined Leonard at the threshold; "she always had her tempers. And since there is no vote to be got in this house, and one can't set a caucus on one's father—at least in this extraordinarily rotten and prejudiced old country, which is quite in its dotage—we'll not come here to be snubbed any more. Bless their old hearts, nevertheless!"

Leonard's acute sensibility in all that concerned his birth, deeply wounded by Mrs. Avenel's allusions, which he comprehended better than his uncle did, was also kept on the edge by the suspense to which he was condemned by Harley's continued silence as to the papers confided to that nobleman. It seemed to Leonard almost unaccountable that Harley should have read those papers—be in the same town with himself—and yet volunteer no communication. At length he wrote a few lines to Lord L'Estrange, bringing the matter that concerned him so deeply before Harley's recollection, and suggesting his own earnest interest in any information that could supply the gaps and omissions of the desultory fragments. Harley, in replying to this note, said, with apparent reason, "that it would require a long personal interview to discuss the subject referred to, and that such an interview, in the thick of the contest between himself and a candidate opposed to the Lansmere party, would be sure to get wind, be ascribed to political intrigues, be impossible otherwise to explain—and embarrass all the interests confided to their respective charge. That for the rest, he had not been unmindful of Leonard's anxiety, which must now mainly be to see justice done to the dead parent, and learn the name, station, and character of the parent yet surviving. And in this Harley trusted to assist him as soon as the close of the poll would present a suitable occasion." The letter was unlike Harley's former cordial tone; it was hard and dry. Leonard respected L'Estrange too much to own to himself that it was unfeeling. With all his rich generosity of nature, he sought excuses for what he declined to blame. Perhaps something in Helen's manner or words had led Harley to suspect that she still cherished too tender an interest in the companion of her childhood; perhaps under this coldness of expression there lurked the burning anguish of jealousy. And, oh Leonard so well understood, and could so nobly compassionate, even in his prosperous rival, that torture of the most agonizing of human passions, in which all reasonings follow the distorted writhings of our pain.

And Leonard himself, amidst his other causes of disquiet was at once so gnawed and so humbled by his own jealousy. Helen, he knew, was still under the same roof as Harley. They, the betrothed, could see each other daily, hourly. He would soon hear of their marriage. She would be borne afar from the very sphere of his existence—carried into a loftier region—accessible only to his dreams. And yet, to be jealous of one to whom both Helen and himself were under such obligations, debased him in his own esteem—jealousy here was so like ingratitude. But for Harley, what could have become of Helen, left to his boyish charge!—he who had himself been compelled, in despair, to think of sending her from his side, to be reared into smileless youth in his mother's humble cottage, while he faced famine alone, gazing on the terrible river, from the bridge by which he had once begged for very alms—begged of that Audley Egerton, to

whom he was now opposed as an equal;—or flying from the fiend that glared at him under the lids of the haunting Chatterton. No, jealousy here was more than agony—it was degradation, it was crime! But, ah! if Helen were happy in these splendid nuptials. Was he sure even of that consolation? Bitter was the thought either way—that she should wholly forget him in happiness from which he stood excluded as a thing of sin—or sinfully herself remember, and be wretched!

With that healthful strength of will which is more often proportioned to the susceptibility of feeling than the world suppose, the young man at last wrenched himself for a while from the iron that had entered into his soul, and forced his thoughts to seek relief in the very objects from which they otherwise would have the most loathingly recoiled. He aroused his imagination to befriend his reason; he strove to divine some motive not explained by Harley, not to be referred to the mere defeat, by counter-scheme, of scheming Randal—nor even to be solved by any service to Audley Egerton which Harley might evolve from the complicated meshes of the election;—some motive that could more interest his own heart in the contest, and connect itself with Harley's promised aid in clearing up the mystery of his parentage. Nora's memoir had clearly hinted that his father was of rank and station far beyond her own. She had thrown the glow of her glorious fancies over the ambition and the destined career of the lover in whom she had merged her ambition as poetess, and her career as woman. Possibly the father might be more disposed to own and to welcome the son, if the son could achieve an opening, and give promise of worth, in that grand world of public life in which alone reputation takes precedence of rank. Possibly, too, if the son thus succeeded, and became one whom a proud father could with pride acknowledge, possibly he might not only secure a father's welcome, but vindicate a mother's name. This marriage, which Nora darkly hinted she had been led to believe was fraudulent, might, after all, have been legal—the ceremony concealed, even till now, by worldly shame at disparity of rank. But if the son could make good his own footing—there where rank itself owned its chiefs in talent—that shame might vanish. These suppositions were not improbable; nor were they uncongenial to Leonard's experience of Harley's delicate benignity of purpose. Here, too, the image of Helen allied itself with those of his parents to support his courage and influence his new ambition. True, that she was lost to him forever. No worldly success, no political honors, could now restore her to his side. But she might hear him named with respect in those circles in which alone she would hereafter move, and in which parliamentary reputation ranks higher than literary fame. And perhaps in future years, when love, retaining its tenderness, was purified from its passion, they might thus meet as friends. He might, without a pang, take her children on his knees, and say, perhaps in their old age, when he had climbed to a social equality even with her high-born lord, "It was the hope to regain the privilege bestowed on our childhood, that strengthened me to seek distinction when you and happiness forsook my youth." Thus regarded, the election, which had before seemed to him so poor and vulgar an exhibition of vehement passions for petty objects, with its trumpety of banners and its discord of trumpets, suddenly grew into vivid in-

terest, and assumed dignity and importance. It is ever thus with all mortal strife. In proportion as it possesses, or is void of, the diviner something that quickens the pulse of the heart, and elevates the wing of the imagination, it presents a mockery to the philosopher, or an inspiration to the bard. Feel *that something*, and no contest is mean! Feel it not, and, like Byron, you may class with the slaughter of Cannæ that field, which at Waterloo restored the landmarks of nations; or may jeer with Juvenal at the dust of Hannibal, because he sought to deliver Carthage from ruin, and free a world from Rome.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

ONCE, then, grappling manfully with the task he had undertaken, and constraining himself to look on what Riccabocca would have called "the southern side of things," whatever there was really great in principle or honorable to human nature, deep below the sordid details and pitiful interests apparent on the face of the agitated current, came clear to his vision. The ardor of those around him began to be contagious; the generous devotion to some cause, apart from self, which pervades an election, and to which the poorest voter will often render sacrifices that may be called sublime—the warm personal affection which community of zeal creates for the defender of beloved opinions—all concurred to dispel that indifference to party politics, and counteract that disgust of their baser leaven, which the young poet had first conceived. He even began to look with complacency, for itself, on a career of toil and honors strange to his habitual labors and intellectual ambition. He threw the poetry of idea within him (as poets ever do) into the prose of action to which he was hurried forward. He no longer opposed Dick Avenel when that gentleman represented how detrimental it would be to his business at Screwestown if he devoted to his country the time and the acumen required by his mill and its steam-engine; and how desirable it would be, on all accounts, that Leonard Fairfield should become the parliamentary representative of the Avenels. "If, therefore," said Dick, "two of us cannot come in, and one must retire, leave it to me to arrange with the committee that you shall be the one to persist. Oh, never fear but what all scruples of honor shall be satisfied. I would not, for the sake of the Avenels, have a word said against their representative."

"But," answered Leonard, "if I grant this, I fear that you have some intention of suffering the votes that your resignation would release, to favor Leslie at the expense of Egerton."

"What the deuce is Egerton to you?"

"Nothing, except through my gratitude to his friend, Lord L'Estrange."

"Pooh! I will tell you a secret. Levy informs me privately that L'Estrange will be well satisfied if the choice of Lansmere fall upon Leslie instead of Egerton; and I think I convinced my lord—for I saw him in London—that Egerton would have no chance, though Leslie might."

"I must think that Lord L'Estrange would resist to the utmost any attempt to prefer Leslie—whom he despises—to Egerton, whom he honors. And, so thinking, I too would resist it, as you may judge by the speeches which have so provoked your displeasure."

"Let us cut short a yarn of talk which, when it comes to likings and dislikings, might last to almighty crack; I'll ask you to do nothing that

Lord L'Estrange does not sanction. Will that satisfy you?"

"Certainly, provided I am assured of the sanction."

And now, the important day preceding the poll, the day in which the candidates were to be formally nominated, and meet each other in all the ceremony of declared rivalry, dawned at last.

The town-hall was the place selected for the occasion; and, before sunrise, all the streets were resonant with music, and gay with banners.

Audley Egerton felt that he could not—without

incurring some just sarcasm on his dread to face the constituency he had formerly represented, and by the malcontents of which he had been burned in effigy—absent himself from the town-hall, as he had done from balcony and hostel. Painful as it was to confront Nora's brother, and wrestle in public against all the secret memories that knit the strife of the present contest with the anguish that recalled the first—still, the thing must be done; and it was the English habit of his life to face with courage whatever he had to do.

### THE SOLITARY WORSHIPPER.

A single member of the Society of the Friends in Boston is said to have gone to their place of worship for some years after all his fellow-worshippers were dead.

ALONE and silent there he sat,  
Within the house of prayer;  
There once with him his brethren met,  
In silent worship there.  
They all had gone; the young and old  
Were gathered to the dead;  
He saw no more their friendly looks,  
He heard no more their tread.  
Yet still he loved, as came the day,  
When they were wont to meet,  
To tread the old familiar way,  
And take his 'customed seat.  
Plain was the place, an humble hall,  
In which he sat alone;  
The show of forms, the pride of art,  
To him were all unknown.  
No organ pealed its solemn notes,  
No choir the stillness broke,  
No preacher read the sacred page,  
Or to his hearer spoke;  
He needed not these outward things  
To wake the reverent mind,  
For other ends than such as this,  
They seemed to him designed.  
In silence, gathered to himself,  
The Spirit he implored,  
And without speech, or outward sign,  
The Father he adored.  
And to his mind was opened then  
The meaning of the word,  
"Ask and receive," "seek ye and find,"  
The Spirit of the Lord.  
That Spirit strengthened and consoled,  
And gave him inward sight;  
And on his lonely, darkened path  
It threw a heavenly light.  
No more alone! For he had come  
To Zion's holy hill,  
The city of the Living God,  
That saints and angels fill.  
The elders there, with silver locks,  
The sisters' modest grace,  
The young in all their innocence,  
With glory filled the place;  
No cloud of sorrow or of care  
A soul had ever known,  
That in that happy band he saw,  
Nor felt it e'er alone.  
Their looks of peace, and love unchanged  
Assured his trembling soul;  
And bade him banish every fear,  
And every doubt control.  
With them again as when on earth  
He held communion sweet;  
And, by their sympathy was made  
For heaven's own worship meet. J. V.

From Chambers' Journal.

### THE DAY OF REST.

Rest, rest! it is the Day of Rest—there needs no book to tell  
The truth that every thoughtful eye, each heart can read so well;  
Rest, rest! it is the Sabbath morn, a quiet fills the air,  
Whose whispered voice of peace repeats that rest is everywhere.  
O weary heart! O heart of woe! raise up thy 'till-worn brow;  
The fields, the trees, the very breeze—they all are resting now;  
The air is still, there is no sound, save that unceasing hum,  
That insect song of summer-time that from the woods doth come.  
And even that seems fainter now, like voices far away,  
As though they only sang of rest, and labored not to-day;  
The hum of bees seems softer, too, from out the clear blue heaven,  
As if the lowliest creatures knew this day for rest was given.  
The spacious tracts of meadow-land, of bean-fields, and of wheat,  
And all the glebe, are undisturbed by sound of labor's feet;  
The cotter in his Sunday garb, with peace within his breast,  
Roams idly by the garden-side, and feels himself at rest.  
The streams, the trees, the woods, the breeze, the bird, and roving bee,  
Seem all to breathe a softer sound, a holier melody;  
Yon little church, too, tells of rest, to all the summer air,  
For the bell long since has ceased to peal that called to praise and prayer.  
But while I stand 'mid these tall elms, a sound comes creeping near,  
That falls like music heard in dreams upon my charmed ear;  
Like music heard in dreams of heaven, that sacred sound doth steal  
From where the old church aisles repeat the organ's solemn peal.  
Now Heaven be praised! a gracious boon is this sweet rest to me—  
How many shall this truth repeat to-day on bended knee!  
How many a weary heart it cheers, how many an aching breast:  
Now Heaven be praised, a gracious boon is this sweet Day of Rest!



From the Spectator.

### ST. JOHN'S VILLAGE LIFE IN EGYPT.\*

It is a law in material production that you can only get one first-rate article out of one subject-matter. The second pressure of the grape is poor compared with the first yield; if you venture a third, you only get wish-wash; and a second brewing gives nothing better than small beer. A similar result follows when the nature of the article does not admit of depreciation. Gold is gold, but you find less of it when somebody has been before you in the digging, till at last the produce does not pay; and it makes no difference if, as Paddy might phrase it, you've been before yourself.

Mr. Bayle St. John has tried to make too much out of Egypt as a subject. His journey to the Temple of Jupiter Ammon gave us travel in Egypt. His two years' Residence in a Levantine Family presented the results of his observation on Egyptian town life and character, but in a way, as we observed in a notice at the time, which would not bear much repetition. Had he in the present work stuck to his nominal subject, *Village Life*, he indeed might have sketched a mode of existence which he had formerly left untouched; but he has not confined himself to his text, and he has fallen back upon the leaveings of his other books. The framework of *Village Life in Egypt* is a passage up the Nile as far as the Cataracts; and, by rigidly adhering to his avowed object, sketching the villages and villagers as he passed along, Mr. St. John might have produced a sufficient picture of the Fellahs. The same end could have been reached by a general account sprinkled with native tales and incidental sketches, without the framework of travel. The author has adopted both modes, and combined with each as much of extraneous matter as he has allowed to his main subject. Disquisitions about Mehemet Ali and his rule—the misery that rule produced, and its failure in effecting its own objects—comparisons of Oriental and European life and character, with bits at the civilized man, fair enough but out of place, as well as numerous discussions, and descriptions of Egyptian scenery and antiquities—occupy some half of the whole. In fact, Mr. St. John only fairly starts from Cairo on his voyage towards the end of his first volume.

An ill-arranged plan is not the sole cause of the deficient interest in much of the work. In the disquisitional part there is a want of solidity in the matter and a dash of flippancy in the style. As long as the subject has weight and interest in itself, it loses nothing by Mr. St. John's treatment; the writer has been too long in the East not to have caught the Oriental manner and form of thought, so that he maintains a dramatic keeping. In the disquisitional passages, especially where the value depends upon the soundness of the judgment and weight of the infused matter, the composition does not rise above the lucubrations of a newspaper's foreign correspondent.

As regards the Fellahs or native rural Egyptians, Mr. St. John's proposition is that they are a better race than travellers represent them. It is true that they are a lazy, lying, pilfering, cheating,

tribe, so far as their stolidity enables them to cheat; but he traces their faults to their rulers, and thinks they would be better in better circumstances—a proposition that might be predicated of many peoples. The oppression under which they groan is, however, of the harshest; for their rulers are not their countrymen, and the contempt of a superior to an inferior race seems to mingle with their treatment, though not consciously. Tyranny in the high produces tyranny in the low, and the bastinado is ever at work. This is a tax-gathering scene:—

This subject of beating is unpleasant, and I will dismiss it at once. The stick governs China, says Montesquieu; the naboot governs Egypt. It is a mistake to suppose that the punishment is always inflicted on the soles of the feet. I believe it is more common to horse the patients in true Eton style. Few men can boast of not having smarted at one or other extremity—if, indeed, impunity be a subject of congratulation. The fellahs are proud of the number of blows they receive, because they generally suffer in a good cause—the refusal to pay excessive taxes. These "village Hampdens" know perfectly well that tranquil payment would only generate increased demands, and they rarely come down with the money until they have been down themselves. It is curious to see the quiet family way in which this important matter is transacted, in the palm-shaded agora of some sequestered hamlet; and how one sufferer, having paid his double quarterly contribution, goes and squats down as well as he is able, to see the same game played over again with another. His countenance, though still wincing with pain, betrays, nevertheless, a consciousness of duty performed; and whilst accepting a pipe from some expectant rate payer, he slyly congratulates himself on having saved the few fuddahs which he had held in reserve under his tongue, in case the torture became too exquisite. Meanwhile the sheikh, burly and fat, with paternal solicitude and main appeals to Allah and his Prophet, exhorts all whom it may concern to think of their latter ends; and having collected at length about the sum required, retires from the scene, hugging himself in the hope that he can keep back a reasonable proportion. But the inevitable naboot again comes into play, and the Nazir avenges the poor fellah in the most satisfactory manner. To this tune the dollars travel gently towards the treasurer, and used of old to arrive about in time to buy Miss Nefessa a necklace of Orient pearls, or Madame Nazlet a service of plate from Storr and Mortimer's—as now to furnish a succession of flimsy palaces, or provide an elegant campanella for the viceroynal breed of pigeons.

There are many similar sketches of village life, and Mr. St. John further illustrates the subject by popular tales. These, we think, are among the best parts of the book; for they seem to exhibit in an easy way the incidents, manners and feelings of the people, while the adventures show the current of their ideas when they pass beyond the bounds of their experience; what is best of all, they are amusing. Some of the stories are designed to show the stupidity of the rustic compared with the keenness of a townsman. The tale from which the following extract is taken was told of one Hak Hak, a hunchback, who among other adventures was sent by his adopted mother to Cairo to sell some fowls, but gets robbed of his poultry and his clothes to boot. A Caireen wags hears his story, feeds and clothes him, and gives him a cosmetic to sell to his villagers, which will cause their beards and wits to increase.

Hak Hak thanked his benefactor, and departing

\* *Village Life in Egypt, with Sketches of the Said.* By Bayle St. John, Author of "Two Years' Residence in a Levantine Family," "Adventures in the Libyan Desert," &c. In two volumes. Published by Chapman and Hall.

with the case returned to his village, where he announced what he had for sale before the whole assembled population. To his surprise they all burst out laughing, and made fun of him. He returned desponding to his adopted mother's house, and the world was black before his face; but presently the sheikh sent privately to buy a small packet; and then the barber; and then the tobacco-seller; and then the coffee-house-keeper;—all in private. In fact, before the evening, the whole of his merchandise was sold; and every man in Kafr Hemmir went to bed with his chin steeped in the cosmetic, each believing that both his beard and his wisdom would have doubled in length next morning.

I wish I could reproduce the pantomime by which the morning scene was described; the snorings, the grunts, the yawns, the impatience for the dawn; for it appears all the patients had been ordered to keep their jaws carefully wrapped up until daylight. At length the wished-for moment arrived.

Then they all up-rose, and hastily taking off cloths, which had nearly stifled them, found that their beards came off likewise! They clapped their hands to their chins, and felt them to be as smooth as their knees; they jogged their wives, and were greeted by screams of laughter; they ran out into the streets, and learned the truth, that the whole population had been rendered beardless by ointment which the Caireen wag had given to Hak Hak. As all were equally unfortunate, all laughed; but they resolved to punish the unlucky hunchback. He was called before the sheikh, where the elders of the village had assembled; and when he saw the circle of smooth faces, could not help giggling.

"He laugheth, because he hath defiled our beards!" exclaimed the conclave. "It is necessary to put him to death. We are all friends here; let us thrust him into a bag, carry him to the river, and throw him in, so that no more may be heard of him."

This idea was unanimously accepted; and Hak Hak, in spite of his struggles, was carried away in a sack, across an ass' back, towards the river. About noon his ards stopped to rest, and, lying down, fell asleep, leaving the hunchback still in his sack. Now it happened, that an old man, bent nearly two-double, came driving by an immense flock of sheep; and seeing these people asleep, and a sack standing up in the middle; was moved by curiosity to draw near it.

Hak Hak had managed to open it a little and to look out with one eye; which observing, the old shepherd marvelled, saying, "A bag with an eye did I never see before."

He demanded, in a low voice, what was the meaning of this. The eye became a mouth, and replied, "I am the unfortunate Hak Hak, whom these people are taking by force to marry the Sultan's daughter."

"What!" said the old man, who had married thirty-three wives in the course of his life; "and dost thou repine at such good fortune?"

"So much, that I would give all I possess to find a substitute."

"Would not I do perfectly well?" quoth the shepherd. "I am not very old; I have two teeth left, and one of my eyes is good enough; but they would not take me in exchange."

"Oh, yes, wallah, they would, if you call yourself Hak Hak; it appeareth that the name is fortunate, and I have been chosen only on this account. Untie the bag, and let me out."

The shepherd, whose hands trembled from age and excitement, liberated Hak Hak, made him a present of his flock, and bade him tie the bag very tightly, lest the change should be discovered. The hunchback did as he was desired, and hastened to retire with his sheep. Meanwhile, the villagers, waking up, threw their prisoner again upon the ass, and, proceeding on their journey, plunged the poor old man into the

river, just as he was dreaming with delight of his first interview with the Sultan's daughter; how he would smile and look pleasant, and how she would bid him be of good cheer.

This was thought a particularly amusing incident. There is little respect for human life in the East, and the hunchback was considered to have done a very clever thing. The great point of the joke was, that just as the poor old shepherd opened his mouth to address his imaginary bride, it was filled with cold water; and the Tantawi represented, with horrible contortions, deemed highly comic, the somewhat tardy disenchantment of the drowning man.

It is not only the Orientals that will be amused with the misfortune of the old shepherd; and the cause seems to be that he has brought it on himself by his egregious vanity, and by being a willing party to a double fraud. True, he is foolish; but in fiction as in real life, weakness under most circumstances excites little sympathy, if it escape being esteemed, according to circumstances, a fault or a crime.

A BALL AT GEORGETOWN.—When the governor and his lady and guests arrived at the ball-room, we were received by the stewards, and marshalled, two and two, through lines of grinning blacks, to the end of the ball-room, where a dais was prepared for their excellencies. The room was crowded, but was very select—no whites but those belonging to the governor's party being admitted. When the governor was seated, a loyal mechanic, the Adonis of the company, dressed in resplendent patent leathers, white waistcoat, and a neckcloth that Brummel might have been proud of, *glisséd* from the end of the room, through a lane that was kept clear for him by the stewards, up to the governor. At first I expected a *pas seul*, but was soon undeceived; for, drawing himself up, and throwing himself, as Monsieur Jabot says, *en position*, his right leg well out, his left hand on his heart, and his right gracefully extended toward the exalted personage he was addressing, he repeated by heart a magniloquent address, full of long words and sentences, untrammelled by any stops, complimenting the governor on his "transparent" intellect, and thanking him and his "amiable consort" for the unwearied patience with which they had listened to his "preliminary address," and concluding by proposing three times three for her gracious majesty, whom God preserve!

After the governor had responded in a gracious speech, we were requested to procure partners for a quadrille. I solicited the hand of Miss Floriana, and was accepted with a graceful curtsy, and "Much pleasure, sar;" and was cheered and supported through the Herculean labors of a dignity quadrille by a "soft black hand" pressing my arm. Miss Floriana's "get up" was equal, if not superior, to any in the room; this I told her, but she was fully convinced of that fact before. Her toilet consisted of a low white muslin dress, with a prodigal display of black charms, white satin shoes, and no stockings; while her head-dress was of pomegranate flowers, stuck thick into a head of such determined wooliness, that a weight of several pounds at the extremity of each hair would have been required to straighten it. When the quadrille was finished, the guests were supplied with a glass of champagne, which, as I was very thirsty, I drank myself, and received a severe wiggling, not more severe, however, than I deserved, from Miss Floriana, in consequence, for drinking it myself instead of offering it to her. After dancing with Miss Penelope and Miss Theresa, "exhausted nature could no more," and I retired from what I felt to be an unequal contest with the black beaux of Georgetown.—*Sullivan's Rambles.*

From Household Words.

## AN OPIUM FACTORY.

AT Ghazee-pore, one hot and windy day, I went down to the "opium go-downs" or stores. The atmosphere of a hot and windy day at Ghazee-pore, if it should ever be thought suitable for invalids or others, may be inhaled in England by any one who will stand at the open door of an oven and breathe a fog of fried sand cunningly blown therefrom. After a two miles' drive through heat, and wind, and sand, and odoriferous bazar, we—I and two friends—found our way to a practicable breach or gateway in a high railing by which the store-house is surrounded. A faint scent as of decaying vegetable matter assailed our noses as we entered the court of the go-down; as for the go-down itself, it was a group of long buildings fashioned in the common Indian style, Venetian-doored, and having a great deal more door than wall. In and out and about these doors there was a movement of scantily clad coolies (porters) bearing on their heads large earthen vessels; these vessels, carefully sealed, contained opium fresh out of the poppy district. Poppy-headed—I mean red-turbaned—accountants bustled about, while Burkunday (or policemen) whose brains appeared to be as full of drowsiness as any jar in the go-down, were lazily lounging about, with their swords beside them, or else fastened in sleep beside their swords.

The doorway was shown to us through which we should get at the "Sahib," or officer on duty. Entering the doorway, we pushed through a crowd of natives into an atmosphere drugged powerfully with the scent of opium. The members of the crowd were all carrying tin vessels; each vessel was half full of opium, in the form of a black, sticky dough, and contained also a ticket showing the name of the grower, a specimen of whose opium was therein presented, with the names of the village and district in which it was grown.

The can-bearers, eager as cannibals, all crowded around a desk, at which their victim, a gentleman on duty, sat. Cans were flowing in from all sides. On the right hand of the Sahib stood a native Mephistopheles, with sleeves tucked up, who darted his hand into the middle of each can as it came near, pawed the contents with a mysterious rapidity, extracted a bit of the black dough, carried it briskly to his nose, and instantly pronounced in English a number which the Sahib, who has faith in his familiar, inscribed at once in red ink on the ticket. As I approached, Mephistopheles was good enough to hold a dainty morsel to my nose, and call upon me to express the satisfaction of a gourmand. It was a lump of the finest, I was told. So readily can this native tell by the feel of opium whether foreign substance has been added, and so readily can he distinguish by the smell its quality, that this test by Mephistopheles is rarely found to differ much in its result from the more elaborate test presently to be described. The European official, who was working with the thermometer at a hundred, would be unable to remain longer than four hours at his desk; at the end of that time another would come to release him, and assume his place.

Out of each can, when it was presented for the first rough test, a small portion of the dough was taken, to be carried off into another room. Into this room we were introduced, and found the thermometer working its way up from a hundred and ten degrees to a hundred and twenty. On our left,

as we entered, was a table, whereat about half-a-dozen natives sat, weighing out, in measured portions of one hundred grains, the specimen that had been just sent to him out of the chamber of cans. Each portion of a hundred grains was placed, as it was weighed, upon a small plate by itself, with its own proper ticket by its side. The plates were in the next place carried to another part of the chamber, fitted up with the steam baths—not unlike tables in appearance—and about these baths or tables boys were sitting, who, with spatulas, industriously spread the opium over each plate, as though the plate were bread, and the opium upon it were a piece of butter. This being done over the steam-bath, caused the water to depart out of the drug, and left upon the plate a dry powder, which, being weighed, and found to be about twenty-three grains lighter by the loss of moisture, is called standard opium. If the hundred grains after evaporation leave a residue of more than seventy-seven, the manufacturer is paid a higher price for his more valuable sample; if the water be found in excess, the price paid for the opium-dough is, of course, lower than the standard. I thought it a quaint sight when I watched the chattering young chemists naked to the waist, at work over their heated tables, grinding vigorously with their blunt knife-blades over what appeared to be a very dirty set of cheese-plates. But the heat of this room was so great that we felt in our own bodies what was taking place about us, and before there had been time for the reduction of each hundred grains of our own flesh to the standard seventy-seven, we beat a retreat from the chamber of evaporations.

With the curiosity of Bluebeard's wives we proceeded to inspect the mysteries of the next chamber. It was full of vats, and in the vats was opium, and over the vats were ropes depending from the ceiling, and depending from the ropes were naked men—natives—themselves somewhat opium-colored, kicking and stamping lustily within the vats upon the opium; each vat was in fact a mortar, and each man a living pestle, and in this room a quantity of opium—worth more lacs of rupees than I have ever had between my fingers—was being mixed and kneaded by the legs of men, preparatory to being made up into pills. From the chamber of pestles, with curiosity unsated, we went forward to peep into the chamber of the pills.

A rush of imps, in the tight brown dresses furnished to them gratuitously by their mother Nature, each imp carrying a bolus in his hand of about the size of a forty-two pound shot, encountered us, and almost laid us prostrate as we entered. This—the fourth—chamber was a long and narrow room, quite full of busy natives, every tongue industriously talking, and every finger nimble over work. Around the walls of this room there are low stools placed at even distances, and upon each stool a workman rather squats than sits, having before him a brass cup, of which the interior would fit one half of a bolus. Before each man upon a stool there stands a man without a stool, and a boy with a saucer. The man without a stool has by his side a number of dried poppy leaves, of which he takes a few, and having moistened them in a dark gummy liquid, which is simply composed of the washings of the various vessels used in the establishment, he hands the moistened poppy leaves to the man upon the stool who sits before the cup. The man upon the stool, who has

been rubbing the same liquid gum with his fingers over the inner surface of the cup—as housekeepers, I suppose, butter their jelly moulds—proceeds to fit in two or three leaves; then, with his fingers, spreads over them more gum; then adds a few leaves more, and fits them neatly with his closed hand round the bottom of the cup, until he has made a good lining to it. His companion without the stool has, in the mean time, brought to his hand a fixed quantity of opium, a mass weighing two pounds, and this the genius of the stool puts into the cup; leaves are then added to the top of it, and by a series of those dexterous and inscrutably rapid twists of the hand with which all cunning workmen are familiar, he rapidly twists out of his cup a ball of opium, within a yellowish brown coat of leaves, resembling, as I have already said, a forty-two pound shot. He shoots it suddenly into the earthen saucer held out by the boy, and instantly the boy takes to his heels and scampers off with his big pill of opium, which is to be taken into the yard and there exposed to the air until it shall have dried. These pills are called cakes, but they belong, evidently, to the class of unwholesome confectionary. A workman of average dexterity makes seventy such cakes in a day. During the manufacturing season, this factory turns out daily from six thousand five hundred to seven thousand cakes; the number of cakes made in the same factory in one season being altogether about twenty-seven thousand. A large proportion of these cakes are made for the Chinese, but they do not all agree with the Chinese digestion. The manufacture of the opium is not hurtful to the health of those who are engaged upon the factory.

The key of the fifth chamber being in our power, we continued steadfast in our enterprise, and boldly looked into the chemical test-room of a small laboratory, of which the genius appeared before us suddenly with a benign expression on his countenance, and offered chairs. His clothes are greatly splashed, and he is busy among the opium tins, of which the contents have been pronounced suspicious by the Mephistopheles in the first chamber. From the contents of one of these cans an assistant takes a portion, and having made with it a solution in a test tube, hands it to the chemist. The chemist, from bottles in which potent and mysterious spirits are locked up, selecting one, bids it, by the mysterious name of iodine, depart into the solution and declare whether he finds starch to be there. The iodine spirit does its bidding, goes among the opium, and promptly there flashes through the glass a change of color, the appointed signal, by which the magic spirit of the bottle telegraphs to the benign genius of the laboratory, that “The grower who sent this opium fraudulently added flour to it, in order to increase its weight.” The fraud having been exposed, the adulterated drug has a little red ink mark made upon its ticket. The consequence of that mark will be confiscation, and great disappointment to the dealer who attempted a dishonest increase of his gain.

We have nothing more to see, but we have something more to hear, and the very kind chemist will be our informant. There are two opium agencies, one at Patna and one at Ghazepore. I know nothing whatever about Patna. For the Ghazepore Agency, the opium is grown in a district lying between its head quarters, Ghazepore, and Agra. Its cultivation gives employment to one hundred and twenty-seven thousand la-

borers. The final preparation of the ground takes place in the months of October and November. Under the most favorable circumstances of soil and season, twenty-four or twenty-six pounds' weight of standard opium is got from one biggah of land; one biggah being a little more than three-fifths of an acre. Under unfavorable circumstances, the yield may be as little as six or eight pounds to the biggah, the average produce being from twelve pounds to sixteen.

To obtain the opium, as is well known, the capsule of the poppy is scored or cut; the scoring is effected with a peculiar tool that makes three or four (vertical and parallel) wounds at a single stroke. This wounding of the hearts of the poppies is commonly the work of women. The wounds having been made, the quantity of juice exuding seems to depend very much upon conditions of the atmosphere. Dews increase the flow, but while they make it more abundant, they cause it also to be darker and more liquid. East winds lessen the exudation. A moderate westerly wind, with dews at night, is the condition most favorable to the opium harvest, both as regards quantity and quality of produce.

The average per centage of morphia in this opium is from one and three quarters to three and a half; of narcotine, from three quarters to three and a half. These are the valuable principles of the drug. In some opium, the per centage of morphia runs up to ten and three quarters per cent. of morphia, and six per cent. of narcotine.

The income drawn from its opium by the East India Company amounts to some two and a half crores of rupees—two and a half millions of pounds sterling.

## ABIDE IN ME AND I IN YOU.

### THE SOUL'S ANSWER.

THAT mystic word of thine, oh, Sovereign Lord!  
Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me;  
Weary of striving, and with longing faint,  
I breathe it back again in prayer to thee.

Abide in me, I pray, and I in Thee,  
From this good hour, O leave me never more;  
Then shall the discord cease, the wound be healed,  
The life-long bleeding of the soul be o'er.

Abide in me—o'ershadow by thy love  
Each half-formed purpose and dark thought of  
sin;  
Quench, ere it rise, each selfish low desire,  
And keep my soul as thine calm and divine.

As some rare perfume in a vase of clay  
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own—  
So, when thou dwellest in a mortal soul,  
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it  
thrown.

The soul alone, like a neglected harp,  
Grows out of tune, and needs that hand divine;  
Dwell thou within it, tune and touch the chords,  
Till every note and string shall answer thine.

Abide in me; there have been moments pure,  
When I have seen thy face and felt thy power;  
Then evil lost its grasp, and, passion hushed,  
Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.

These were but seasons beautiful and rare;  
Abide in me—and they shall ever be;  
I pray thee now fulfil my earnest prayer,  
Come and abide in me, and I in Thee.



From Chambers' Journal.

# PRESERVED MEATS AND MEAT-BISCUITS.

THE many-headed public look out for "nine days' wonders," and speedily allow one wonder to obliterate the remembrance of that which preceded it. So it is with all newspaper topics, and so it has been in respect to the preserved-meat question. We all know how great was the excitement at the commencement of the present year on this matter. Ships' accounts overhauled; arctic stores reexamined; canisters opened and rejected; contracts inquired into; statements and counter-statements published; questionings of Admiralty officials in the two Houses of Parliament; reports published by committees; recommendations offered for future guidance; descriptions of the preserving processes at different establishments; all went the round of the newspapers, and then the topic was forgotten. It deserves to be held in remembrance, however, for the subject-matter is really important and valuable, in respect not only to the stores for shipping, but to the provisioning of large or small bodies of men under various exceptional circumstances.

A few of the simple laws of organic chemistry suffice to account for the speedy decay of dead animal substances, and for the methods whereby this decay is retarded or prevented. In organized substances, the chemical atoms combine in a very complex but unstable way; several such atoms group together to form a proximate principle, such as gluten, albumen, fibrin, &c.; and several of these combine to form a complete organic substance. The chemical rank-and-file, so to speak, form a battalion, and two or more battalions form the chemical army. But it is a law in chemistry, that the more complex a substance becomes, the less stable is its constitution, or the sooner is it affected by disturbing influences. Hence organic substances are more readily decomposed than inorganic. How striking, for instance, are the changes easily wrought in a few grains of barley! They contain a kind of starch or fecula; this starch, in the process of malting, becomes converted into a kind of sugar; and from this malt-sugar, or transformed starch, may be obtained ale or beer, gin or whiskey, and vinegar, by various processes of fermenting and distilling. The complex substance breaks up through very slight causes, and the simple elements readjust themselves into new groupings. The same occurs in animal as in vegetable substances, but still more rapidly, as the former are more intricate in composition than the latter, and are held together by a weaker tie.

What the "vital principle" may be, neither chemists nor physiologists can tell us with any great degree of clearness; but it is this vital principle, whatever it may be, which prevents decay in a living, organic substance, however complex. When life departs, the on-slaught begins; the defender has been removed, and a number of assailants make their appearance. Air, heat, and moisture are the principal of these; they attack the dead organism, and gradually convert it into wholly different and inorganic compounds, such as water, carbonic acid, ammonia, phosphuretted hydrogen, and many others. What, then, would result if these disturbers could be warded off, one or all? It is now pretty well ascertained, that if any one of the three—air, heat, moisture—be absent, the decay is either greatly retarded or

indefinitely postponed; and we shall find that in all antiseptic or preserving processes, the fundamental principle has simply such an object in view.

Sometimes the operation of natural causes leads to the preservation of dead animal substances for a great length of time, by excluding one out of the above three disturbing influences. If heat be so deficient that the animal juices become wholly frozen up, the substance is almost proof against decay. Thus, about seventy years ago, a huge animal was found imbedded in the ice in Siberia; from a comparison of its skeleton with those of existing species, Cuvier inferred that this animal must have been antediluvian; and yet, so completely had the cold prevented putrefaction, that dogs willingly ate of the still existing flesh. At St. Petersburg, when winter is approaching, the fish in the markets become almost like blocks of ice, so completely are they frozen; and in this state they will remain sound for a lengthened period. Dead poultry, and other articles of animal food, are similarly kept fresh throughout the winter in many rigorous climates, simply by the powerlessness of the attacking agents, when heat is not one of the number. And that which nature effects on a large scale, may reasonably be imitated by man on a more limited one. It is customary to pack many kinds of provisions in ice or snow, either for keeping them in store-houses or for sending them to market. Thus it is with the tubs of poultry, of veal, and of other kinds of meat, which, killed in the country districts of Russia in autumn, are packed in snow to keep cool till sold at market; and thus it is with much of the salmon sent from Scotland to London. Since the supply of excellent ice from Wenham Lake, commenced about nineteen years ago, has become so abundant and so cheap, it is worth a thought whether the preservative powers of cold might not advantageously be made more available in this country than they have yet been. In the United States, housewives use very convenient refrigerators or ice-boxes, provided with perforated shelves, under which ice is set, and upon which various provisions are placed; a large uncooked joint of meat is sometimes kept in one of these boxes for weeks. Among the celebrities of the Crystal Palace, many will recollect Masters' elegant ice-making machine, in which, by combining chemical action with centrifugal motion, ice can be made in a few minutes, let the heat of the weather be what it may. This machine, and the portable refrigerators manufactured by the Wenham Company, together with our familiar, old-fashioned ice-houses, might supply us with much more preservative power, in respect to articles of food, than we have hitherto practically adopted.

If, instead of watching the effects produced by abstraction of heat, we direct attention to the abstraction of moisture, we shall find that antiseptic or preservative results are easily obtainable. All kinds of bacon and smoked meats belong to the class here indicated. The watery particles are nearly or quite driven out from the meat, and thus one of the three decomposing agents is rendered of no effect. In some cases, the drying is not sufficient to produce the result, without the aid of the remarkable antiseptic properties of salt; because decomposition may commence before the moisture is quite expelled. In many parts of the country, hams are hung within a wide-spreading chimney, over or near a turf-fire, and where a free

current of air, as well as a warm temperature, may act upon them; but the juices become dissipated by this rude process. Simple drying, without the addition of salt or any condiment, is perhaps more effectual with vegetable than with animal substances.

But it is under the third point of view that the preservative process is more important and interesting, inasmuch as it admits of a far more extensive application. We speak of the abstraction of air. Atmospheric air affects dead organic matter chiefly through the agency of the oxygen which forms one of its constituents; and it is principally to insure the expulsion of oxygen that air is excluded. The examples which illustrate the resulting effects are numerous and varied. Eggs have been varnished so as to exclude air, and have retained the vital principle in the chick for years; and it is a familiar domestic practice, to butter the outside of eggs as a means of keeping them. The canisters of preserved provisions, however, are the most direct and valuable result of the antiseptic action by exclusion of air. The Exhibition Jury on Class 3, in their report on this subject, speak thus warmly thereupon:—"It is impossible to over-estimate the importance of these preparations. The invention of the process by which animal and vegetable food is preserved in a fresh and sweet state for an indefinite period, has only been applied practically during the last twenty-five years, and is intimately connected with the annals of arctic discovery. The active measures taken to discover a north-west passage, and to prosecute scientific research, in all but inaccessible regions, first created a demand for this sort of food; and the Admiralty stimulated the manufacturers to great perfection in the art. As soon as the value of these preparations in cold climates became generally admitted, their use was extended to hot ones, and for the sick on board ship under all circumstances. Hitherto they had been employed only as a substitute for salt beef or pork at sea, and if eaten on shore, it was at first as a curiosity merely. Their utility in hot climates, however, speedily became evident; especially in India, where European families are scattered, and where, consequently, on the slaughter of a large animal, more is wasted than can be consumed by a family of the ordinary number."

Whatever improvements may have been introduced by later manufacturers, the principle involved in the meat-preserving processes is nearly as M. Appert established it forty years ago. His plan consisted in removing the bones from the meat; boiling it to nearly as great a degree as if intended for immediate consumption; putting it into jars; filling up the jars completely with a broth or jelly prepared from portions of the same meat; corking the jars closely; incasing the corks with a luting formed of quicksilver and cheese; placing the corked jars in a boiler of cold water; boiling the water and its contents for an hour; and then allowing the cooling process to supervene very gradually.

Until the recent disclosures concerning the preserved meats in the government depots, the extent of the manufacture, or rather preparation, was very little known to the general public. In the last week of 1851, an examination, consequent on certain suspicions which had been entertained, was commenced at the victualling establishment at Gosport. The canisters—for since Appert's time stone jars have been generally superseded by

tin canisters—contain on an average about ten pounds each; and out of six hundred and forty-three of these which were opened on the first day's examination, no fewer than five hundred and seventy-three were condemned as being utterly unfit for food. On the next day, seven hundred and thirty-four were condemned out of seven hundred and seventy-nine; and by the fourth day, the number examined had risen to two thousand seven hundred and seven, of which only one hundred and ninety-seven were deemed fit for food. Such wretched offal had been packed in the canisters, instead of good meat, that the stench arising from the decomposing mass was most revolting; the examiners were compelled to use Sir William Burnett's disinfecting fluid abundantly, and even to suspend their labors for two or three days, under fear of infection. The canisters formed part of a supply sent in by a contractor in November, 1850, under a warrant that the contents would remain good for five years; the filling of the canisters was understood to have been effected at Galatz, in Moldavia, but the contractor was in England. The supply amounted to six thousand canisters, all of which had to be examined, and out of which only a few hundred were found to contain substances fit for food. Instead of good meat, or in addition to a small quantity of good meat, the examiners found lung, liver, heart, tongue, kidney tendon, ligament, palate, fat, tallow, coagulated blood, and even a piece of leather—all in a state of such loathsome putridity as to render the office of the examiners a terrible one.

Of course nothing can be predicated from such atrocities as these against the wholesomeness of preserved food; they prove only the necessity of caution in making the government contracts, and in accepting the supplies. The Admiralty showed, during subsequent discussions, that large supplies had been received from various quarters for several years, for use on ship-board in long voyages and on arctic expeditions; that these had turned out well; and that the contractor who was disgraced in the present instance, was among those who had before fulfilled his contracts properly. Fortunately, there is no evidence that serious evil had resulted from the supply of the canisters to ships; the discovery was made in time to serve as a useful lesson in future to government officials and to unprincipled contractors.

The jury report before adverted to, points out how cheap and economical these preserved meats really are, from the circumstance, that all that is eatable is so well brought into use. It is affirmed by the manufacturers, that meat in this form supplies troops and ships with a cheaper animal diet than salt provisions, by avoiding the expense of casks, leakage, brine, bone, shrinkage, stowage, &c., which are all heavy items, and entail great waste and expenditure; and by a canister of the former being so much smaller than a cask of the latter, in the event of one bad piece of meat tainting the whole contents. The contents of all the cases, when opened, are found to have lost much of the freshness in taste and flavor peculiar to newly-killed meat; they are always soft, and eat as if overdone. As a matter of choice, therefore, few or no persons would prefer meat in this state to the ordinary unpacked and recently-cooked state. But the important fact to bear in mind is, that the nutritious principles are preserved; as nutriment, they are unexceptionable, and they are often pleasantly seasoned and flavored.

In the ordinary processes of preparation, as carried on in London and other places, the tin canisters have a minute hole, through which the air may be expelled, while the meat is simmering or boiling within; and in the case of poultry being preserved whole, extra precautions are necessary, to insure the expulsion of the air from the hollow bones of the birds. Soups are more easily prepared than solid meat, on account of the greater facility for getting rid of the confined air. The minute air-hole in the canister is soldered down when the process is completed.

M. Alexis Soyer, who has a notoriety in London as the prince of cooks, and a very ingenious man—a sort of Paxton of the kitchen—wrote to the daily journals, about the time of the disclosure at Gosport, to offer a few suggestions. He said: “No canister ought to contain more than about six pounds of meat, the same to be very slightly seasoned with bay-salt, pepper, and aromatic herbs in powder, such as bay-thyme and bay-leaf, a small quantity of which would not be objectionable even for invalids. No jelly should be added to the meat; the meat, and the meat alone, should produce its own jelly. With the bones and trimmings of the above, a good stock should be made without vegetables, well reduced and skimmed, to form a very strong transparent demi-glaze; six-pound canisters should be filled with the same, bearing a special mark, and one of these allowed to every dozen of the others. This demi-glaze, when diluted in water, would make six gallons of very good broth, with which any kind of soup could be made in a very short time.” He also points out how the condition of the preserved meat may be guessed by the external appearance of the canister. If either the top or bottom of the canister be convex, like the upper surface of a watch-glass, the contents are in a state of decomposition; the bulging being occasioned by the gases generated during the chemical changes. If the contents of the canister be sound, the top and bottom will be either quite flat, or slightly concave.

The Jury on Food, at the Great Exhibition, had quite an *embarras des richesses*; they were surrounded by hundreds of canisters of preserved provisions, all of which they were invited to open and taste. They say, or their reporter says, that the merits of the contributions “were tested by a selection from each; the cases were opened in the presence of the jury, and tasted by themselves, and, where advisable, by associates. The majority are of English manufacture, especially the more substantial viands; France and Germany exhibiting chiefly made-dishes, game, and delicacies—of meat, fish, soups, and vegetables.” It is an important fact for our colonies, that viands of this description are as well prepared in Australia, Van Dieman's Land, Canada, and the Cape of Good Hope, as in the mother-country. “Animal food is most abundant and cheap in some of those colonies. In Australia, especially, during seasons of drought, it is wasted in extraordinary quantities; flocks are slaughtered for the tallow alone, and herds, for their bones and hides. Were the meat on these occasions preserved, it cannot be doubted that it could be imported into England, and sold at a cheaper rate than fresh meat in our metropolitan markets, to the great benefit of the lower classes.” This is a statement well worth being borne in mind by some of those who are at present dazzled with gold-digging wonders.

In respect to the preserved meats at the Great

Exhibition, many are merely cured or dried meats. From Canada, for instance, they comprised hams, bacon, tongues, and barrels of beef and pork. Among the miscellaneous contributions were grated beef, canisters of fresh salmon, “admirable boiled mutton in tin cases,” dried mullets, “*mouton rôti*,” fish, meats preserved in a fresh state by simple drying—on a plan practised in Switzerland—and preserved larks. Not the least remarkable was a preserved pig, which reclined in all its glory on the floor of the south-west gallery, and was a successful example of curing on a large scale. Still more striking than this, was the large partridge-pie, placed somewhat out of general notice in the “Netherlands” department; a formidable pie it truly was, for it contained 250 partridges, with truffles, and weighed 150 pounds; it had been made a year before it was forwarded to London. But among the contributions more immediately relating to our present subject, may be mentioned those of Mr. Gamble, which comprised, among others, a canister of preserved boiled mutton, which had been prepared for the arctic expedition in 1824; many such canisters were landed at Fury Beach in Prince Regent's Inlet; they were found by Sir John Ross at that spot in 1833, in a perfect state, and again by Sir James Ross in 1849, the meat being as sweet and wholesome as when prepared a quarter of a century before.

The range of these preserving processes is singularly wide and varied. If we take the trade-list of one of the manufacturers, such as that of Messrs. Hogarth of Aberdeen, and glance through it, we shall find ample evidence of this. There are nearly twenty kinds of soups selling at about 2s. per quart-canister. There is a concentrated essence of beef, much more expensive, because containing the nutriment of so much more meat; and there are, for invalids, concentrated broths of intermediate price. There are about a dozen kinds of fish, some fresh and some dried. There are various kinds of poultry, roast and boiled; hare, roast and jugged; and venison, hashed and minced. There are beef, veal, and mutton, all dressed in various ways, and some having the requisite vegetables canistered with them, at prices varying from 10d. to 15d. per pound. There are tongues, hams, bacon, kidneys, tripe, and marrow; and there are cream, milk, and marmalade. Lastly, there are such vegetables as peas, beans, carrots, turnips, cabbage, and beet, at 6d. to 1s. per pound-canister. The canisters for all these various provisions contain from one pound to six pounds each. It was Messrs. Hogarth, we believe, who supplied the preserved meats and vegetables to the arctic ships under Sir E. Belcher, which sailed in the spring of 1852.

M. Brocchière, a French manufacturer, has lately extended these economical processes so far, as to attempt to produce concentrated food from the blood of cattle. He dries up the liquid or serous portions of the blood, and forms into a cake, with admixture of other substances, the coagulable portion, which contains fibrin, the source of flesh and muscle. Unless a more deliberate name could be given to this preparation, prejudice would have some influence in depriving it of the chance of fair play. The dry blood is in some cases combined with a small portion of flour, and made into light dry masses, like loaves or cakes, to be used as the basis of soups; while in other cases it is combined with sugar, to make sweet biscuits and bon-bons. Another kind of preserved animal fluid is the *osmazome*, prepared by Messrs. Warriner and



Soyer. This consists of the nutritious matter or juice of meat, set free during the operation of boiling down fat for tallow in Australia; it is afterwards concentrated, and preserved in the form of sausages. A great amount of nutriment is thus obtained in a portable form; when boiled with gelatine, it forms a palatable diet, and it is also used to form a gravy for meat.

Masson's method of preserving vegetables seems to be very effective, as applied to white and red cabbages, turnips, Brussels sprouts, and such like. The process, as conducted in France, is very simple. The vegetables are dried at a certain temperature (104 to 118 degrees Fahrenheit), sufficient to expel the moisture without imparting a burnt taste; and in this operation they lose nearly seven-eighths of their original weight. The vegetables are then pressed forcibly into the form of cakes, and kept in tinfoil till required for use. These vegetables require, when about to be eaten, rather more boiling than those in the ordinary state. Some of the French ships of war are supplied with them, much to the satisfaction of the crews. Dr. Lindley has stated, on the authority of a distinguished officer in the antarctic expedition under Sir James Ross, that although all the preserved meats used on that occasion were excellent, and there was not the slightest ground for any complaint of their quality, the crew became tired of the meat, but never of the vegetables. "This should show us," says Dr. Lindley, "that it is not sufficient to supply ships' crews with preserved meats, but that they should be supplied with vegetables also, the means of doing which is now afforded." Generally speaking, the flavor of preserved vegetables, whether prepared on Masson's or any other process, is fresher than that of the meats—especially in the case of those which abound in the saccharine principle, as beet, carrot, turnips, &c. The more farinaceous vegetables, such as green peas, do not preserve so well.

One of the most remarkable and perhaps valuable recent introductions, in respect to preserved food, is the American *meat-biscuit*, prepared by Mr. Borden. A *biscuit-beef* is prepared by a Frenchman, M. Du Liscoet, resembling an ordinary coarse ship-biscuit; but this is said to have "an animal, salt, and not very agreeable taste." The American meat-biscuit, however, is prepared in a way which renders its qualities easily intelligible. It contains in a concentrated form all the nutriment of meat, combined with flour. The best wheat flour is employed, with the nutriment of the best beef, and the result is presented for use as food in the form of a dry, inodorous, flat, brittle cake, which will keep when dry for an unlimited period. When required for use, it is dissolved in hot water, boiled, and seasoned at pleasure, forming a soup about the consistence of sago. One pound of the biscuit contains the nutritive matter—fat excepted—of five pounds of prime beef, mixed with half a pound of wheat flour. One ounce of the biscuit, grated and boiled in a pint of water, suffices to form the soup. It can also be used in puddings and sauces. The manufacture of the meat-biscuit is located at Galveston, in Texas, which abounds in excellent cattle at a very low price. It is said that the meat-biscuit is not liable to heating or moulding, like corn and flour, nor subject to be attacked by insects. The meat-biscuit was largely used by the United States

army during the Mexican campaign; the nutriment of 500 pounds of beef, with 70 pounds of flour, was packed in a twenty-two-gallon cask.

Dr. Lindley, as one of the jurors for the Great Exhibition, and as a lecturer on the subject at the Society of Arts, commends the meat-biscuit in the very highest terms. "I think I am justified in looking upon it," he says, "as one of the most important substances which this Exhibition has brought to our knowledge. When we consider that by this method, in such places as Buenos Ayres, animals, which are there of little or no value, instead of being destroyed, as they often are, for their bones, may be boiled down and mixed with the flour which all such countries produce, and so converted into a substance of such durability that it may be preserved with the greatest ease, and sent to distant countries; it seems as if a new means of subsistence was actually offered to us. Take the Argentine Republic, take Australia, and consider what they do with their meat there in times of drought, when they cannot get rid of it while it is fresh; they may boil it down, and mix the essence with flour—and we know they have the finest in the world—and so prepare a substance that can be preserved for times when food is not so plentiful, or sent to countries where it is always more difficult to procure food. Is not this a very great gain?" A pertinent question, which intelligent emigrants would do well to bear in mind.

GAME BEEF AND AN INDIAN'S APPETITE.—The flesh of a fat buffalo-cow is perhaps the best beef that can be eaten; wholly free from the rank flavor which marks the fat of the male; it is at once juicy, tender, nutritious, and very digestible; added to which it has a game flavor which renders it far superior to the very best beef of the States. It may, in fact, be not improperly denominated "*game beef*."

This was the first time that any of my mess had partaken of that famous dish, the "*hump*," and the quantity disposed of was the best proof of the intense relish with which it was enjoyed. This and the tongue, tender-loin, bass and marrow-bones, are considered the choice parts of the carcass, and, where animals are plenty, no other parts are taken, the residue being left on the ground for the wolves. Some idea may be formed of the great digestibility of this species of food, as well as of the enormous quantities devoured at a single meal, from the fact that the regular daily allowance or ration for one employé in the Fur Company's service, is eight pounds, the whole of which is often consumed. It is true, however, that an old mountaineer seldom eats anything else. If he can get a cup of strong coffee, with plenty of sugar, and as much buffalo-meat as he can devour, he is perfectly happy and content, never feeling the want either of bread or vegetables.

[Subsequently meeting with an Indian encampment of Sioux] the whole band halted about ten o'clock on the bank of the river, but several of the old men and the chief of the village continued with us until our noon halt. I invited the latter to lunch with us, which he did to his entire satisfaction, devouring as much meat as the whole mess beside; and I afterwards espied him seated at one of the messes of the men, as earnestly engaged in laying in an additional supply as if he had not eaten for a week. The Indian, in fact, from his wandering habits and uncertain mode of existence, acquires the faculty of laying in, when opportunity offers itself, a store of food against the fast that may follow, thus approximating the instincts of other wild denizens of the forest.—*Capt. Stansbury's Expedition.*



From the Spectator.

## BURKE'S ROMANCE OF THE FORUM.\*

THE interest attached to remarkable trials is universally admitted, and as universally ascribed to the exhibition of human nature under violent passion, the mystery which often envelops crime, the curious circumstances which conduce to its detection, and that remoteness from the common-places of every-day life which is called romance. This opinion is quite true; but there is a further source of interest, at least to the inquiring student, in the exact reflection of manners and opinions which legal trials display. Correspondence and literature do not bring out the character, temper, and behavior of men, like the speeches and examinations of counsel, or the charge of a judge; for in a book it is very often a writer's business entirely to sink his personality; and letters are rarely written on the spur of the moment or without caution, and some endeavor on the writer's part to look his best. Pictures of contemporary life, however excellent they may be as works of art, must follow the rules of art; there is omission, selection, combination, and the inevitable coloring of the writer's mind, with probably some little exaggeration for effect. In the statements of witnesses there may possibly be falsehood as to the particular fact at issue; but in all that concerns manners, customs, and the characteristics, so to speak, of the day, we may be sure there is the truth and nothing but the truth. No advocate would spare a witness who failed in particulars so open to common apprehension, and so likely to damage credibility. The student or embryo "historical novelist" should address himself before all other records to the reported trials of an age whose manners and the spirit of whose daily life he wishes to learn.

There is information of this kind to be found in Mr. Burke's book; but not so much as there might have been, because he does not appear to have proceeded on any regular system or with any distinct object in view. *The Romance of the Forum* is a mere title, not indicative of the contents of the volumes. The most valuable trials, or parts of trials, have nothing of romance about them, though they may exhibit human nature in extremes of wickedness or gullibility. That which approaches the closest to romance is utterly worthless; possibly sheer invention altogether, or so enlarged by some romancer as to be without any traits of truth beyond the simple fact. Mr. Burke begins with a tale called "Dun, the Robber," a freebooter of the reign of Henry the First, who is alleged to have given its name to Dunstable; but the whole narrative bears obvious traces of Grub Street work, and in point of writing is on a par with the most vulgar sixpenny tales of Dick Turpin, &c. This is followed by "A Crusader's Murder,"—the pith of which is, that a knight of the reign of Richard the First was assassinated soon after quitting his betrothed to return home, by an emissary of the Old Man of the Mountain; and this is worse than even Dunstable Dun, for it is told in the maudlin manner of a tale for the Annuals. After the Crusader, the reader is treated to the

veritable story of the Dog of Montargis, which was caninely exhibited some five and thirty or forty years ago on the boards of Covent Garden Theatre. To the Dog succeeds the case of Don Carlos, son of Philip the Second, and that of Alexis, son of Peter the Great—both melancholy instances of royal misfortune and royal guilt, but too well known for a book like Mr. Burke's, even had they been treated more philosophically. A variety of miscellaneous trials follow, chiefly of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; and though these are often on subjects not very extraordinary, they have the interest we formerly spoke of. They exhibit character and manners, occasionally singular crime; or they treat in detail of events to which some interest is attached from being generally known in their results, though not in their particulars.

Of these last is the trial of Richard Savage for the murder of Sinclair; and well might Savage seem, as Johnson describes him whenever he glanced at the subject after his pardon, to consider himself as a man "not wholly free from the guilt of blood;" for a more wanton and reckless slaughter can scarcely be imagined. In the trial as reported by Mr. Burke, Judge Page does not appear to have "treated Mr. Savage with his usual insolence and severity." On the contrary, his summing-up was sound and temperate; so that it is very probable this exasperating passage, preserved by Johnson from the relation of his friend, was either invented or highly colored—

Gentlemen of the jury, you are to consider that Mr. Savage is a very great man, a much greater man than you or I, gentlemen of the jury; that he wears very fine clothes, much finer clothes than you or I, gentlemen of the jury; that he has abundance of money in his pocket, much more money than you or I, gentlemen of the jury: but, gentlemen of the jury, is it not a very hard case, gentlemen of the jury, that Mr. Savage should therefore kill you or me, gentlemen of the jury?

Another trial which caused much excitement at the time, and which has still some traditional interest, is that of Eliza Fenning, for attempting to poison the family of her master, Mr. Turner, a law-stationer in Chancery Lane. A careful examination of the evidence seems to confirm the correctness of the verdict; and in this instance to shield Black Jack—Sylvester the Recorder—from the odium attached to him of sacrificing innocence. The point of accidental poisoning put by Mr. Burke is undoubtedly possible; but the conduct of the accused, as deposed to by several unconnected witnesses, does not tally with that supposition. What effect the defence of accident might have had, if urged by counsel on men charged with the responsibility of life and death, cannot be known; but as a critical opinion the verdict of guilty seems the proper one on a balance of the testimony.

One of the most singular cases is that of Coke, a barrister, and Woodburne, a Suffolk laborer in his employ, who were indicted, in 1722, under the Coventry Act, for maiming, &c., Mr. Crispe, Coke's brother-in-law. The object in view was Crispe's death, as he had made a will in Coke's favor; but, after being left for dead in the churchyard at Bury St. Edmunds, the victim rallied and recovered. The crime was perpetrated under circumstances of great treachery, Coke having entertained Crispe at supper, and volunteered to see him home; but the

\* The Romance of the Forum; or Narratives, Scenes, and Anecdotes from Courts of Justice. By Peter Burke, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-law; Author of "Celebrated Trials connected with the Aristocracy." In two volumes. Published by Colburn and Co.

trial is chiefly remarkable for its traits of character. This is the style of criminal forensic oratory a hundred and thirty years ago.

Sergeant Selby—"May it please your lordship, and you, gentlemen of the jury, I am counsel, *pro hac vice*, for the king against the prisoners at the bar, who stand indicted upon the statute of the 22d of King Charles, the one for maliciously maiming and disfiguring of Edward Crispe, the other for abetting that fact, which by that act is made one and the same offence. I said, gentlemen, I was counsel for the king; for that his majesty, as the father of his people, and for their safety, out of his natural goodness hath been graciously pleased particularly to regard this prosecution for so horrid and bloody an assassination. And though, gentlemen, it is difficult to stand in this place without the greatest tenderness to our fellow-creatures, yet these who have divested themselves of all humanity now cease to be such; it is even cruelty to the king's people not to stand up against them, so far as is consistent with law and justice. Their prosecution is become the common concern of mankind; for so long as these prisoners have a being here, the life of every man is precarious, and but at the will of so infernal a contriver as the one and so hellish an executioner as the other."

It is common in romances to represent villains as either melodramatic rascals or great brutes. In real life they are often men of mild or plausible manners, sometimes with a touch of sanctimony or moral sentiment. Rush and Tawel were men of this stamp. Mr. Coke had something of moral philosophy in his discourse: he had tampered with another man before engaging Woodburne, who deposed as follows.

Sergeant Selby—Call John Carter. (Who appeared and was sworn.) What trade are you of?

Carter—A blacksmith.

Sergeant Selby—Did Coke at any time send Woodburne for you, and what past thereon?

Carter—On the Friday before New Year's day last, which was on a Monday, Mr. Coke sent Woodburne to me, who told me his master, Coke, wanted to speak with me.

Sergeant Selby—Did you go?

Carter—Yes; I went to his house, and he ordered me to come up to him in his chamber. When I came up, he told me that he wanted a good strong horse to carry his weight. I told him I did not know of any one then, but when I did I would let him know. Upon that he said, "How do you go on, boy? I hear you have lost most of your business; you have got no iron nor coals, and you are afraid of a gaol: I have a thing now in agitation that will make a man of you as long as you live." I said I should be very glad of that. Said he, "Can you keep a secret?" "Yes," said I, "as well as any one, to serve myself and my friend." Said he, "Can you keep one of the biggest secrets in the world?" I told him, as well as anybody. Said he, "You are pretty much in debt, and if you will serve me in this, I can make a man of you as long as you live: do you think you could cut five or six men's heads off without scruple of conscience?" I told him, "No; it was too much for a man's conscience to bear." Said he, "What! a scruple of conscience to do such a thing as that? There are those above who have done ten times worse." "I suppose, sir," said I, "you mean the South Sea gentlemen." "Yes," said he, "so I do; they have ruined families and beggared gentlemen: to cut men's heads off is but a trifle to them." Said I, "Mr. Coke, I believe you speak only in joke, by way of merriment." Said he, "What! do you think I sent for you by way of joke?" I told him I could not do

any such thing. "Then," said he, "do you think you can cut off one man's head without scruple of conscience?" I told him, "No." "Then," said he, "if you can't cut off a man's head and lay it down upon the table before me, you are not for my turn." On that he fetched a bottle of brandy and gave me a glass or two, and then said to me, "Carter, I would have you go home, and consider of it for two or three days; and if you can cut off a man's head without scruple of conscience, you shall have plenty of gold and silver and anything else you ask." I told him I needed no consideration, for I could not do it. "Then," said he, "send Woodburne to me." And as I went out I saw Woodburne at the door, and sent him in to Mr. Coke.

The defence was as singular as the rest of the case; and the judgment of Sir Peter (afterwards Lord) King remarkable, for as it were playing with the prisoner, like a cat with a mouse.

Woodburne's answer to the charge was, merely, that what he did he did by the procurement of Coke; and Coke's extraordinary defence was, that he could not be convicted under the statute, because his intention was not to maim but to murder his victim.

The jury found them both guilty; and when the next day they were brought up for sentence, Coke again urged that "judgment could not pass on the verdict, because the act of Parliament simply mentions an intention to maim or deface, whereas he was firmly resolved to have committed murder." He quoted several law cases in favor of the arguments he had advanced, and hoped that judgment might be respited till the opinion of the twelve judges could be taken on the case. The counsel for the crown opposed the arguments of Coke; insisted that the crime came within the meaning of the law, and demanded that judgment should pass against the prisoners.

Lord Chief Justice—"I do agree with the prisoner, that this is a penal law, and not to be extended by equity; that he that is guilty within this statute must be guilty of all the circumstances within it, and if any one of the circumstances prescribed by the statute be wanting, he is not guilty. And therefore, in all those cases put by you, if any one of the circumstances prescribed by the statute be wanting in any one of them, such case is out of the statute. But whether all the circumstances required by the statute did not concur in your case, was a matter of fact, which the jury, who are the proper judges, have tried; and on such trial they have found them all to concur. You seem to argue upon a supposition of this fact to be otherwise than the jury have found it. The jury have found you guilty of all the circumstances within the statute. There was no matter of law in this case, but matter of fact."

AMERICAN SCHOOL BOOK IN ENGLAND.—Sargent's Standard Speaker appears to be attaining as high a reputation in England as it has reached in this country. The *London Athenaeum* of August 21st commends it "to aspirants in elocution for the great variety of excellent examples and exercises in prose and poetry for declamation;" and praises the introductory matter as "free from the pedantry that besets most elocutionary treatises." The *Athenaeum* also pronounces the typography "capital," and says: "The collection is remarkable for its originality, the recent date of its citations, and the abundance of the latter from American authors and orators." A fourth edition of the Standard Speaker has lately been published by Thomas, Cowperthwaite & Co., Philadelphia. It has been introduced into nearly all the best schools of the United States.—*Philadelphia Saturday Courier*.

From the *Edinburgh Review*.

*Life and Letters of Joseph Story, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and Dane Professor of Law at Harvard University.* Edited by his Son, W. W. STORY. London: 1851.

THE Virginian planter used to boast, it was said, of his resemblance in character and position to an ancient Roman. But when the United States are seeking for a flattering parallel with Rome, we would advise them to place it in the decided vocation of their citizens to the sciences of government and law. It may be a question whether Europe is not premature in reproaching America with living on a borrowed literature. But, supposing the charge to be well founded in the case of poetry and metaphysics (and we perceive Story writes to his son, "I am tired, as well as yourself, of the endless imitations, by American poets, of the forms, and figures, and topics of British poetry. It is time we had something of our own"); the very opposite is the fact in regard to Jurisprudence. The profession of the law constitutes its real aristocracy, the aristocracy of character and talent.

The juridical foundations, it is true, are the same in both countries. On the adoption of the Common Law being discussed before the Senate of the United States, the opinion of President Adams, then vice-president, "as of a great lawyer (which he certainly was) and as a great revolutionary patriot, was called for on every side. He rose from his chair, and emphatically declared to the whole Senate, that if he had ever imagined that the Common Law had not by the Revolution become the law of the United States under its new government, he never would have drawn his sword in the contest. So dear to him were the great privileges which that law recognized and enforced." The Reports of Westminster Hall have not been published many weeks, before they are carefully and respectfully studied from one end of the Union to the other; fortunately, however, with an enlarged and independent judgment. American lawyers are not so strict as those of the mother country in their attachment to everything in the Common Law, and readily "yield to rational expositions as they stand on a more general jurisprudence;" and the courts of the United States are supposed to offer great advantages for a comprehensive reexamination into principles. The consequence is, that we look in vain over the legal literature of England for names to put in comparison with those of Livingston, Kent, and Story. Lord Bacon fondly hoped that future ages might ask, whether he or Coke had done most for the Law of England. The adoption of the writings of Coke at that turning period of our legal history, as the exclusive model for the lawyers of after times, makes it impossible to say what would have been the amount of change introduced into our books and methods if this expectation had been realized. As it is, we have so often sacrificed principles to precedents, that even Lord Stowell reluctantly admits to his correspondent (i. 556), "I rather think we are too fond of cases."

Joseph Story was born at the fishing-town of Marblehead, on the coast of Massachusetts, in 1779, and died at Cambridge, U. S., in 1845, aged sixty-six. We see no signs of what his son calls "the Calvinism of its scenery," uniting with the Calvinism of its pulpit in leaving any character-

istic impressions on his mind. At the same time, the four years (from aet. 15 to aet. 19) that he passed at Harvard College, of which he was destined to become so great an ornament, were marked by nothing personal so much as by the early assertion of his intellectual freedom in abandoning the religious opinions of his family. Whilst there, the young Calvinist, the son of *Elisha Story* and *Mehitable Pedrick*, became a Unitarian. After four years of preparatory study at Marblehead and Salem, and four years of successful practice at the Essex Bar, we find him member of the Legislature of Massachusetts, and soon afterwards chosen speaker. In 1812, Mr. Madison appointed him, at the age of thirty-two, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States. This appointment obliged him to reside at Washington during the winter, and to travel in circuit twice a year throughout the seaboard States of New England. Meantime, Salem continued to be his home until 1829; in which year he accepted the Dane Professorship of law at Harvard University, and transferred his family to Cambridge, where he closed his honorable life. Thus was he, during the space of thirty-four years, a most distinguished Judge of the Supreme Court of his country; during the last sixteen being also a most distinguished teacher of law in its most celebrated University; at the same time the author of more text books both of a higher order and on almost every branch of jurisprudence than any writer of his age.

The world has done ample justice to the fame of one of its greatest jurists; and after reading his *Life and Miscellaneous Writings*, there can be no difficulty in accounting for his personal influence and popularity. Vast professional erudition was not purchased by him at the expense of general usefulness or agreeableness. He could never have been suspected of being so engrossed by business, as to leave his clerk to choose his wife or friends for him. His early love of literature remained with him to the last, and both Basil Hall and Lord Carlisle have recorded the attractions of his society. He seems also to have had always leisure for every possible demand of public duty or private friendship. Defective branches of the law, as the Bankrupt Law and Criminal Law of the United States, found in him a zealous reformer; and he presided over the preparation of an elaborate report, with well considered distinctions, in favor of a code for Massachusetts. The notes he contributed to Wheaton's Reports fill a hundred and eighty-four closely printed pages. He no sooner heard of Mr. Greenleaf's project to publish a volume of Overruled Cases, and an edition of Hobart's Reports with annotations, than he zealously proffered his assistance, rejoicing "that there are gentlemen at the bar willing to devote their leisure to the correction and ministration of the noble science of the law. It is redeeming the pledge which Lord Coke seems to think every man implicitly gives to our profession, on entering it. It is eminently useful, because it accustoms lawyers to reason upon principle, and to pass beyond the narrow boundary of authority; I want to get a copy and interleave it, so as to provide gradually for a new edition. Pray do not think that anything in which I can aid you will be a labor to me." He furnished various articles to the *American Jurist*; and those contributed by him to his friend Dr. Francis Lieber's *Encyclopædia Americana*, extended to one hundred and twenty pages.

in closely printed double columns. Nor was this voluntary addition to his labors limited to professional subjects. Was a cemetery to be consecrated at Mount Auburn, a eulogy to be delivered at the funeral of a colleague, a free-trade memorial to be drawn up, a hortatory lecture to be pronounced to a Mechanics' Institute or to a Literary Society, the great jurist answered to the call with equal alacrity and ability.

There are two topics, however, in American life, in which it is impossible for any honest and earnest citizen to conciliate the good opinion and good will of all his countrymen. These are the question of the Constitution—or on what terms State Sovereignty and the Federal Sovereignty are to be adjusted—and the question of slavery.

Joseph Story entered public life in 1805, when Federalism was so predominant in Massachusetts, that his avowed sympathy with the republican party, and his consequent support of the administrations of Jefferson and Madison, not only seriously injured him in his profession, but to a great degree excluded him from the best society. Many years afterwards, in a speech in the Convention of Massachusetts, he retraced with great feeling the party animosities of those times—not regretting the course his judgment then led him to adopt, but reflecting with the most profound melancholy on the averted eyes it had cost him, and deprecating his contemporaries leaving to their children the bitter inheritance of similar contentions. Yet he can never have held extreme opinions or have maintained them with offensive violence. In a biographical letter to Mr. Everett, speaking of this period, he observes, "I will add, because it is but common justice to myself, that, though an *ardent republican*, I was always liberal and stood by sound principles. I was avowedly a believer in the doctrines of Washington, and little infected with Virginia notions, as to men or measures." Afterwards, when party nomenclature turned into whig and democratic, and he now voted with the whigs, he was conscious of no alteration in himself. "I seem simply to have stood still in my political belief, while parties have revolved about me; so that though of the same opinions now as ever, I find my name has changed from democrat to whig, but I know not how or why." He states, however, in the preface to his Commentaries on the Constitution, that their materials had been mainly derived from the Federalist and the judgments of C. J. Marshall. Probably, therefore, more of difference than he was quite aware of had crept into this branch of his opinions. At all events, these authorities brought him into direct antagonism with the principles of the most dogmatical of his early chiefs. Kent, in bearing witness to the address with which the most debatable points of American constitutional contests are handled in Story's Commentaries, expresses his admiration of "the bold and free defence of sound doctrine against the insidious, mischievous, and malignant attacks of Jefferson." The explicit systematizing of Mr. J. Story's constitutional creed had evidently been reserved for his coming within the orbit of C. J. Marshall, as one of the judges of the Supreme Court. But the estrangement between himself and Jefferson commenced earlier; at least as early as Jefferson's discovery in Congress, that Story meant to have an opinion of his own, and to freely act on it. This was on the repeal of the Embargo of 1809. Story on that occasion described the embargo as the "mad scheme

which Jefferson with his usual visionary obstinacy was determined to maintain." He himself considered it destructive of New England; and a confidential letter to Mr. Fay (p. 177) authenticates the sincerity of his alarm. On the other hand, Jefferson attributed his defeat "to Story, one pseudo-republican;" and never forgave it. "Pseudo-republican of course I must be (says the judge), as every one was in Mr. Jefferson's opinion, who dared to doubt of his infallibility." Even if this provocation had been avoided, the alienation must have broken out sooner or later. Story found out, as member of Congress, that New England was to obey, but not to be trusted. "This, in my humble judgment (he adds), was the steady policy of Mr. Jefferson at all times. We were to be kept divided, and thus used to neutralize each other." But, besides these jarring jealousies, two men of such different views and natures could not long have drawn cordially together. After the veil was raised by the publication of Jefferson's correspondence, Story writes to Mr. Everett (1832): "Every day I perceive more and more the effect of Mr. Jefferson's extraordinary opinions and acts in every department of our government. It is time his correspondence was fairly reviewed." General Jackson, when president, bore difference of opinion and independence of character as impatiently as Jefferson had done; and, speaking of Story, called him "the most dangerous man in America." Meanwhile, Story, in 1831, was mourning over the change in constitutional practices and doctrines. "I have for a long time known that the present rulers and their friends were hostile to the judiciary, and have been expecting some more decisive demonstrations than had yet been given out. The recent attacks in Georgia, and the recent nullification doctrine in South Carolina, are parts of the same general system, the object of which is to elevate an exclusive State Sovereignty upon the ruins of the general government." Three years later he writes in still greater despair from Washington: "Everything here is as uncertain as it possibly can be, except the president's will. And I confess that I feel humiliated at the truth, which cannot be disguised, that although we live under the form of a republic, we are in fact under the absolute rule of a single man. . . . The question who shall be the next president, mingles with every measure." Yet Story's expectations were by this time pitched at so low a level that he would not have been hard to satisfy. Witness his pleasure, in 1840, at the success of General Harrison's nomination. "His talents are not of a high order, and at this hour he is filling the office of clerk of a County Court in Ohio. What, however, seems to give him strength, is that he is poor and honest; or as Mr. Abbott Lawrence said the other day to me, 'the people believe that he won't lie and won't steal.' The real truth is, that the people are best pleased with a man whose talents do not elevate him so much above the mass as to become an object of jealousy or envy. The prospect of his being president is quite encouraging."

Meanwhile Story's sanguine view of the general aspect of American politics had long abated. As far back as 1818, he had written:—

There is no rallying point for any party. Indeed, everything is scattered. Republicans and Federalists are as much divided among themselves, as the parties were formerly from each other. I do not regret the change. I have been long satisfied that the nation was in danger of being ruined by its intestine divis-



ions; and fortunately among men of real talent, real virtue, and real patriotism, there are now few, if any, differences of opinion. But a new race of men is springing up to govern the nation: they are the hunters after popularity, men ambitious not of the honor so much as of the profits of office—the demagogues, whose principles hang laxly upon them, and who follow not so much what is right as what leads to a temporary vulgar applause. . . . I have done with party politics: my heart is sick of the scenes of strife and sometimes of profligacy which it presents. I have no desire ever again to enter the contest for popular favor. Yet, I hope, I love my country and its institutions, and I know that I reverence the principles of liberty and the constitution of the United States.

By 1835 the prospect had further darkened:

Nothing is more extraordinary than the fact that the House of Representatives, so often lauded as the true protector of the rights and interests of the people, is ready, under the strong bonds of party union and executive patronage, to yield up both. The duration of their office is too short to secure independence of action, and the elections are too much under the power of mere demagogues. Hence the gradual change of public men from a lofty firmness to a temporizing policy.

A letter to Mr. Charles Sumner in 1845 is still more desponding:—

In every way which I look at the future I can see little or no ground of hope for our country. We are rapidly on the decline. Corruption and profligacy, demagogism and recklessness, characterize the times, and I for one am unable to say where the thing is to end. You, as a young man, should cling to hope; I, as an old man, know that it is all in vain.

In this same year the change of opinion from those of the "Old Court," especially on great constitutional questions, is given as the main reason of his intended resignation.

New men and new opinions have succeeded. The doctrines of the Constitution, so vital to the country, which in former times received the support of the whole court, no longer maintain their ascendancy. I am the last member now living of the old court, and I cannot consent to remain where I can no longer hope to see those doctrines recognized and enforced.

As an enlightened friend to republican institutions, Mr. Justice Story was a zealous advocate for every form of educational training, by which he conceived that the condition of the people might be elevated. From their direct tendency to raise mechanics and artisans to the rank of scientific engineers, he set a high value on Mechanics' Institutes; predicting that "they were destined to work more important changes in the structure of society and the improvement in the arts than any single event, since the invention of printing." But he was even more desirous to qualify his fellow-citizens for the discharge of the political franchises which the constitution entrusted to them, than to cultivate their inventive powers as intelligent mechanics. He has expressed as forcibly as Washington himself his sense of the difficulty of complying with the conditions on which alone a republican form of government can be a blessing to a people, or probably be prolonged. In a lecture read before the American Institute of Instruction, he particularly insists on the science of government, as being an indispensable branch of popular education in connexion with popular institutions.

A republic, by the very constitution of its govern-

ment, requires on the part of the people more vigilance and constant exertion than all others. The American Republic, above all others, demands from every citizen unceasing vigilance and exertion; since we have deliberately dispensed with every guard against danger or ruin except the intelligence and virtue of the people themselves. It is founded on the basis that the people have wisdom enough to frame their own system of government, and public spirit enough to preserve it; that they cannot be cheated out of their liberties; and that they will not submit to have them taken from them by force. We have silently assumed the fundamental truth that, as it never can be the interest of the majority of the people to prostrate their own political equality and happiness, so they never can be seduced, by flattery or corruption, by the intrigues of faction or the arts of ambition, to adopt any measures which shall subvert them. If this confidence in ourselves be justified (and who among Americans does not feel a just pride in endeavoring to maintain it?), let us never forget that it can be justified only by a watchfulness and zeal proportionate to our confidence. Let us never forget that we must prove ourselves wiser and better and purer than any other nation yet has been, if we are to count upon success.

It was in this view that he thought so highly of Lieber's "Political Ethics;"\* and, besides abridging his own Commentaries for the Law School, himself, drew up a book called the *Constitutional Class Book*, in which "the principles of the government of the United States are familiarly explained; and which was published in the "School Library" and introduced as a text-book into various schools."† When may we hope to see anything of the sort written by a judge for the National Schools of England? The nearest approach to it at present is the "Political Philosophy" of Lord Brougham.

Of the many forms which political controversy may assume in the United States, that of Negro slavery is the most hateful and most exciting. The side taken by Mr. J. Story in behalf of the oppressed races of both the southern and western states, was at once determined by the rectitude of his principles and the humanity of his heart. The wrongs inflicted on the Cherokee nation by the State of Georgia wrung from him the exclamation, "I never in my whole life was more affected by the consideration, that they and all their race are destined to destruction. And I feel, as an American, disgraced by our gross violation of the public faith towards them. I fear, and greatly fear, that in the course of Providence there will be dealt to us a heavy retributive justice." The "institution" of the South found as little favor with him. When he learned on his New England Circuits that the Slave Trade was still carried on there, so vehement was his denunciation of it in his charges to the grand juries, that he greatly contributed to put an end to it. He disregarded the threat "of hurling him from the bench," equally with the obloquy, to which his judicial decisions in cases of slavery ex-

\* He considered De Tocqueville's work on America to have been overrated; and the son complains that no notice is taken in it of his father's work. "You know (says the author of the Commentaries in a letter to Lieber) ten times as much as he does of the actual working of the system, and of its true theory."

† "School books for children on History might very beneficially begin with a short and plainly written account of our present Constitution, including a concise statement of the nature and administration of the Law. These subjects appear to me quite as important for a poor child to learn, as about the battle of Hastings or the Wars of the Roses. . . . For children as a class-book Chambers' 'Political Economy for use in Schools,' may advantageously be adopted."—*Symonds' School Economy*.

posed him, as either side might happen to be offended by them. Though ever opposed to slavery, he took his stand, as a *judge*, on the constitution; and when his decision in the case of *le jeune Eugenie*, was more liberal than that of the English Courts, he still retained his confidence in his own judgment, observing only on the hardship of having Sir W. Scott and the King's Bench on his back. When at liberty, as a private citizen, to act on legislative considerations, he enlarged his views proportionally. So strong was his feeling on the Missouri compromise, that the only exception which he made, after he was on the bench, in meddling with anything which could be called politics, was taking part in a meeting to protest against it.\* He was further stung by the insolence of Randolph's claim for Virginian supremacy; and he frequently reverts to the question, as he put it to Mr. Ticknor in 1828: "Depend upon it, whatever may be the present cross current of debate, the question must come to the sheer point whether the South shall govern the East now and forever." In 1833 he writes to Mr. Peters, "Upon politics I am fixed. The late compromise is a surrender of the constitution to which under no circumstances will I be either a party or a quiet looker on." This evil was consummated in his opinion by President Tyler, in the annexation of Texas and the creation of a new Slave State. While the admission of Texas into the Union was yet pending, he declared that

It would be a grossly unconstitutional act; and one which he should not be surprised if it should lead to a dissolution of the Union. It will forever give the South a most mischievous if not a ruinous preponderance in the Union.

The means are described, in a letter to his son, as being of a piece with the end:—

Pray do not ask me how all these things are brought about. I should blush to put on paper what my belief is. There are ample means to accomplish any ends in power and patronage, &c., &c., &c., and Lord Coke has told us that &c. &c. are signs full of meaning in the law. I think they have a still more pregnant meaning out of the law. This government is becoming daily more and more corrupt; and the decline and fall of the American republic will not be less a matter of history in an age or two at farthest than that of other republics whose fate is recorded in past annals. However, the present crisis will soon be forgotten and forgiven by the people; and we shall go on as we may, until by some convulsion we come to a full stop. When that will be I pretend not to prophesy. You may live to witness it.

His aversion to the compromise was scarcely more decided on the ground of its affirming the perpetuity of slavery, than on the ground of its destroying the proportions upon which the balance of the South and East had been settled in the Constitution. He was convinced, as fully as Clay or Webster, that their last and only security is in the Union; but, in his opinion, the weight given to the disturbing forces by the compromise adds to the difficulty of preserving it.

It is time to pass on to Mr. J. Story's peculiar province—jurisprudence. All the great orators of America, with the exception of Mr. Everett, have been lawyers. The law, as studied there,

\* He did not, however, think it necessary to abstain from voting at elections. Since it was a joke in the family, his voting one way, and his coachman who drove him to the polling booth, voting the other.

seems to enlarge the mind as well as sharpen it. But a single session of Congress (1808-9) satisfied Story that it would be more for his happiness and his fame to withdraw from political and party controversy, and apply himself with singleness of heart to the study of the law, "at all times the object of his admiration, and almost exclusive devotion." He was made a judge in 1812, at the early age of thirty-two; and he died in harness after a service of four and thirty years. We will not here enter on the examination of any of even his most celebrated judgments during this long and eventful period. It will be enough to notice the annual course of those official duties—duties so unwisely underpaid in America, that Story himself, though most indifferent to money, can only speak of the position as one of splendid poverty. The observation he has made on the extent of knowledge required of a legislator for so many States applies almost as forcibly to a judge of the Supreme Court, sitting the winter months at Washington. In his case, six months of every year were taken up on circuits—his own circuit being the great maritime district of Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island. Kent might truly say to him, "You have, fortunately for yourself and for your country, the best section in the country for the application of your powers, and have much more reason than Montesquieu had, to thank Heaven that you were born and educated where you are placed." At that time the Commercial Law and Admiralty Jurisdiction of America were pretty much what they had been in England before the times of Lord Mansfield and Lord Stowell. Story never passes an opportunity of expressing his admiration of those two eminent men; and this not only in public, but also in his private correspondence; as, for instance, in answer to Adams, who had declared that they were no more to be quoted than the Court Calendar. His account of the condition of Equity Jurisprudence throughout America at this period is equally unfavorable. It was created principally by Kent, who was made Chancellor of New York in 1814. So rapid, however, was the subsequent progress of equitable science, that by 1841 a Court of Chancery had sprung up in every county of almost every state, where all proceedings originated, and "an able local bar had been created, by whom the business was so well managed, that small causes seldom got into the Appellate Court." There is ample opportunity of comparison between the different systems in America. Some states altogether exclude Equity as distinct from law, some confer an equitable jurisdiction on their Courts of Law, others separate Equity and Law into distinct courts, as in England. Story on the whole leaned to a separation, but the mechanism both of the Courts of Chancery and of a chancery suit differed so widely in the two countries, that, notwithstanding his respect for Lord Eldon, he assures Mr. Field, "the English system could not have existed in America without calling forth legislative interference to prevent delays, to lessen costs, and to give simplicity to proceedings."

Story was fed in youth on the dry dust of what Bentham called *Grim Gribber*. He began life with a profound study of the black letter law of England; and to the last, when gratefully summoning up the list of his instructors, delighted to revert to Tidd. But, fortunately, he had also felt a higher call. Though he pays Kent the compliment of having instructed so many of their contemporaries

in the truth, that the gift of uniting a deep respect for precedents with an habitual inquiry into their consonance with principles, is not unattainable, however rare, it is clear he had already found the principles in the wisdom of the Civil Law, and that he had trained his own well constituted nature after the example of Pothier and Domat. No man can have ever possessed in a higher degree the happy faculty which he attributes to Mr. Justice Washington, of yielding just the proper weight to authority.

Recent as is the greater part of American Law, it has shot up with so vigorous and succulent a growth that it is natural that the profession in the United States should be both surprised and mortified at the little notice which its jurisprudence has attracted in England; "being passed by with utter neglect, as belonging only to a colonial or foreign law. There is, however, at this very moment (1831) in the states composing the Union a population of about thirteen millions, all of which claims the Common Law as its birthright, and all of which is accustomed to study the Treatises and Reports of English Jurisprudence, as a necessary preparation for practice in the profession of the law. In several of the States Commercial Law may be said to form a principal business of the courts, and to be examined with a diligence and ability equal to its vast importance. Not an English decision or treatise is published three months, before it finds its way to our libraries, and is there studied and criticized with profound attention." It will be a proud distinction to Kent and Story, that they have done more than any other men to put an end to the indifference of English lawyers to the learning of their American brethren.

Story, mentioning the praises given to Kent's Commentaries in some English legal publications, adds, "this is as it should be; for England is deeply interested in cultivating a thorough knowledge of American jurisprudence, and it would betray a lamentable want of professional ambition, not to master a work which has become our first juridical classic,"—the American Blackstone or something more. The testimony borne to the services of Story himself is of a more direct and higher order. Mr. Justice Patteson gratefully acknowledges the obligations "under which he has laid all the members of the profession of the law, especially those who have to administer it, by his profound and learned treatises;" adding that "the respect paid to American Reports and Law Treatises is rapidly increasing; and tends much to the improvement of our theory and practice." Mr. Baron Parke's opinion is equally favorable. Mr. Justice Coleridge, after stating that he had read no modern treatise of our own production with anything like the pleasure and instruction he had received from Story's "Conflict of Law," goes on to say, "I think you would be pleased with the feeling which exists in our courts at present in respect to American jurisprudence. It is one of the highest respect; we do not, indeed, allow your Reports to be cited as authority; but that, I believe, is out of consideration to the bar, who are already overburdened with the expensive and troublesome multiplicity of our own Reports." He elsewhere admits, "a comparison with your course is not very flattering to your brethren on the English Bench; we are, it is true, very much engrossed by practice before we are made judges, and by our duties afterwards; perhaps somewhat more so than is your lot in America. Still that

will not account for the whole difference between us." Lord Campbell, informing him that his library was now enriched with the whole of his published works, proceeds to say, "I survey with increased astonishment your extensive, minute, exact, and familiar knowledge of English legal writers in every department of the law. A similar testimony to your judicial learning, I make no doubt, would be offered by the lawyers of France and Germany, as well as of America, and we should all concur in placing you at the head of the jurists of the present age." In fact, Savigny and Mittermaier have given in their adhesion in the present volumes under their own hands; and to crown these fervent tributes after the most approved English fashion, when the great American jurist proposed to visit London, Lords Brougham and Denman, and the other judges prepared to celebrate his reception by a public dinner at Serjeants' Inn.

For the last sixteen years of his life, Mr. Justice Story added to his labors as judge those of a professor; and it is to this last appointment that we are indebted for his most important works. His earlier publications had been those of an English practising lawyer—such as a supplement to "Comyn's Digest," new editions of "Chitty on Bills," "Abbott on Shipping," "Lawes on Assumpsit." But in 1830, soon after his acceptance of the Dane Professorship at Harvard, he expressed his anxiety to set to work with the law students, and prepare some written lectures "in the terrible deficiency of good elementary books." Accordingly his "Treatise on Bailment" appeared in the following year, as the first fruits of this good intention, and as the first volume\* of a series on Commercial Law. Next followed "Commentaries on the Constitution of the United States." It was announced by him, as another portion of the labors devolving on him in execution of the duties of his professorship; and

\* Mr. Justice Story furnished an admirable article to the "North American Review" on the *Literature of the Maritime Law*. It is contained in a notice of Jacobson's "Laws of the Sea with reference to Maritime Commerce during Peace and War." Towards the conclusion of the article he states that the principal value of Mr. Jacobson's work to an American (and what is true of the American must be true also of the English) lawyer, "is the minute accuracy and fulness with which it gives us the positive and customary law of all the maritime nations of the Continent. And this, in our judgment, is a most interesting, and, in a practical view, a most important accession to our judicial literature. Of the maritime law of Russia, Prussia, Denmark, Sweden, and Germany, we have hitherto known very little. Yet with all of them we carry on an extensive trade; and the principles of their jurisprudence as to maritime affairs, both in peace and war, are of incalculable importance to our merchants, may more, to our government. This is not all. A great variety of curious and difficult questions are perpetually arising in our judicial tribunals, where the positive regulations or usages of other continental nations would greatly assist us in forming decisions, which should comport with general convenience, as well as with the general principles of Law. Many are the cases in which the foreign usage ought to incline the scale. We owe indeed a full moiety of our present commercial law to the positive ordinances or usages of France, Italy, and Spain, as they have been delivered to us by their eminent jurists. They seem now inclined to borrow from us in return; and thus perhaps national comity may gradually establish a nearly uniform system of commercial jurisprudence throughout the whole civilized world." Mr. Justice Story was a great commercial lawyer; there has been no greater. After the above passage, we may conceive the satisfaction with which he would have welcomed the great work of Mr. Levi, and the project of an International Commercial Code.

it immediately placed his authority as a constitutional lawyer on a level with that of C. J. Marshall himself. "Whoever," says Mr. Bancroft, "would understand our form of government, must 'study the Commentaries of Story.'" His greatest work (at least he himself thought it so) was his next payment in discharge of his duties to his Law School. It was published in 1834. Appropriately eulogized by C. J. Tindal and the juriconsults of France and Germany, it met with its most eloquent admirer in Mr. Webster:—

It is a great truth that England has never produced any eminent writer on national or general public law, no elementary writer, who made the subject his own, who has breathed his own breath into it, and made it live. In English judicature, Sir W. Scott, it is true, has done much to enlighten the public mind on the subject of prize causes, and in our day Mackintosh has written a paper of some merit. But where is your English Grotius? Where is your English Barbeyrac? Has England produced one? Not one! The English mind has never been turned to the discussion of general public law. We must go to the continent for the display of genius in this department of human knowledge. What have the Courts of Westminster Hall done to illustrate the principles of public law? With the exception of a tract by Mansfield of considerable merit, more great principles of public law have been discussed and settled by this court within the last twenty years, than in all the Common Law Courts of England within the last hundred years. Nay, more important subjects of law have been examined and passed upon by this bench in a series of twenty years than in all Europe for a century past, and I cannot forbear to add, that one in the midst of you has favored the world with a treatise on public law, fit to stand by the side of Grotius, to be the companion of the "Institutes"—a work that is now regarded by the judicature of the world as the great book of the age—"Story's Conflict of Laws."

Another year had scarcely passed, and then came out his "Treatise on Equity Jurisprudence." It was not only received in America as calculated "to teach its transatlantic teachers," but Lord Campbell took it with him to Dublin in that character, and has recognized how, on a particular point peculiarly English, he found more information in it than in any English publication. Its philosophical merits at once carried its fame over the Continent, where Mittermaier has borne witness that its extensive views must make it interesting to the jurists of all nations. By this time, now aged fifty-six, he says, he had published seven volumes; and in five or six more could accomplish all he proposed. But of these, all he lived to complete was a Treatise on Agency, and another on Partnership. The miracle is, how he performed so much, considering the demand made on his time over and above his judicial duties by superintendence of his Law School, by two hours lectures daily there, and by presiding over its extra moot courts.

The grades of the profession in America are not distinguished by the formal etiquette of England.\* "Every solicitor is a councillor, and every coun-

cillor acts at times as a solicitor. We find no inconvenience from this course," says Story. So, at the other end of the profession, the judges do not think it beneath their judicial dignity to take part as teachers of incepting students. In the eulogy on Professor Ashmun, it is mentioned incidentally that he had been associated early with Judge Howe, who had established a law school at Northampton of very high character. When Kent ceased to be Chancellor of New York, in consequence of the absurd enactment, by which any person above sixty years of age is disabled from holding a judicial office, he only added to his honors by those lectures at Columbia College, of which the world has since the benefit as represented in his Commentaries. Story's case is still stronger. America and the whole civilized world are the wiser and the better for the absence of prejudice, by which he was allowed to unite with his office of Judge of the Supreme Court that of Professor of Law of Harvard College.

We have reserved for the last an account of his Law School. It may instruct and animate the new establishments now forming (better late than never) in the English Inns of Court. In the year 1828, he had declined the Royal Professorship of law at Cambridge, U. S., on the ground that it would oblige him to devote all his leisure time to drilling and lectures, and judicial conversations. "The school," he answered, "cannot flourish except by such constant efforts; and I should not willingly see it wither under my hands. The delivery of public lectures alone might not be oppressive; but success in a law school must be obtained by private lectures." These objections, however, were fated to give way at no greater distance of time than the following year, in consequence of Mr. Dana subjecting his new foundation to the one condition of Mr. J. Story being the first professor. The condition was eminently wise and fortunate; as much so as if Mr. Viner had stipulated with Oxford for the nomination of Blackstone on his endowment. The annual number of law students had previously averaged eight, and the year before it had been reduced to one. His reputation raised the number the first year to thirty—than which, he says, in 1831, that he "never calculated upon more." But in 1838, he could say, "we had sixty good fellows last term." They had grown, in 1842, to one hundred and twenty; in 1844, to one hundred and fifty-six. By 1845, he numbers the students whom the school, during the previous sixteen years, had turned out into the world, over every part of the Union, at upwards of eleven hundred. What a blessing to the profession and to his country such a leading mind!

This success was not owing more to his prodigious industry and accomplishments than to the charm of his character. He was a great master in the art of communicating knowledge, and of winning affection and respect. While Mr. Greenleaf testifies that he never forgot his position as a judge, his cheerful influence over "the boys," as he called them, was boundless. "I have given," he writes to Mr. Sumner, in 1838, "nearly the whole of last term, when not on judicial duty, two lectures every day; and we broke in on the sanctity of the *dies non juridicus*, Saturday. It was carried by acclamation in the school; so you see we are alive. They begin already to be wide awake to the dignity of the law, and its morals." Mr. Dana, the popular author of "Two Years before

\* The preface or dedication of a recent work, "The Advocate," by Mr. Cox, is a protest addressed to Lord Denman against the breach threatened to be made in the etiquettes and centralization of the profession of the law in England, by the successful opening of county courts. American experience appears to be as much lost on our legal alarmists as on some of our public offices. Yet in his chapter on *Professional Studies* Mr. Cox assigns their rightful place to the writings of Mr. Justice Story.



the Mast," was one of his pupils. They afterwards honorably coöperated in redressing the wrongs of American seamen. From his picture of the school, in a beautiful letter of reminiscences, drawn up in 1851 (vol. ii., p. 317), Mr. Dana is justified in his conviction "that such a peculiar combination of qualities to constitute a teacher of the science of law to young men, is not likely to be found again for many generations."

He conducted his lectures as conversational exercises on different text-books; and held moot courts two or three times a week for arguing fictitious cases. He was what Roger North would have described as an excellent "put-case;" and, on his return from Washington, always brought home a sheaf of them, "which he had prepared during the sitting of the court, and which, at the time of his death, amounted to several hundred." These were argued by the students, senior and junior counsel, according to their standing. The jury trials, which were held twice a year in their crowded library, became a college festival; Mr. J. Story took great delight in them, and delivered elaborate judgments; and the students on their part prepared their cases with so much care, that "he used to say of their arguments, that they were quite as good as, and sometimes better than, those of the counsel engaged in the real cases." We may cease to wonder that, after such scenes, every other subject became secondary with him to the Law School. When, at sixty-five, he contemplated resigning his judgeship, "to quit the Law School (his son tells us) was out of the question. This institution he had built up, and it was the delight of his life. His duties there were pleasures, which afforded him an agreeable and honorable occupation. To gather around him a circle of young men, into whose minds he might instil sound doctrines of Law and Equity, and whom he might dismiss into the world with high principles and pure motives; to employ his leisure in giving a permanent written form to the learning with which he had stored his mind, and thus to smooth the path of the student, and to recommend and establish the law, was a prospect which was constantly before him, to charm his imagination." The legal perpetuity he desired, in praying that his name might be associated with his favorite Law School, will assuredly be granted him.

The object which Story kept most immediately in view in all his teaching, whether oral or written, was to reconcile the continental style of treating judicial subjects with the English method—to join the scientific arrangement of principles as developed by the civilians with the chain of precedents and practical illustrations exemplified in English text-books. In one of his earlier prefaces, a union of the two plans, it is affirmed, "would be a great improvement in our law treatises; and would afford no inconsiderable assistance to students in mastering the higher branches of their profession." It was under these hopes that he took so seriously to heart the death of Mr. Legaré, Attorney-General for the United States, as a national misfortune. "I had indeed looked to him with great fondness of expectation: I had looked to see him accomplish what he was so well fitted to do—what I know was the darling object of his pure ambition"—to

engraft the Civil Law upon the jurisprudence of this country, and thereby to expand the Common Law to greater usefulness and a wider adaptation to the progress of society." In this view he had been just encouraging his friend to translate Heineccius' Elements with notes so as to adapt its principles to the existing state of the Common Law. His answer to Mr. Kennedy's inquiries on behalf of the Dublin Law Institute is in accordance with these opinions, and contains a full and final statement of his experience on the best method of teaching law.

I have been long persuaded that a more scientific system of legal education than that which has hitherto been pursued is demanded by the wants of the age and the progress of jurisprudence. The old mode of solitary unassisted studies in the Inns of Court, or in the dry and uninviting drudgery of an office, is utterly inadequate to lay a just foundation for accurate knowledge in the learning of the law. It is for the most part a waste of time and effort, discouraging and repulsive. It was, however, the system in which I was myself bred, and so thoroughly convinced was I of its worthlessness, that I then resolved, if I ever had students, I would pursue an opposite course. It was my earnest desire to assist in the establishment of another system, which induced me to accept my present professorship in Harvard University, thereby burdening myself with duties and labors which otherwise I would gladly have declined.

The system pursued by my learned brother, Mr. Professor Greenleaf, and myself, in our juridical instructions, has had the most entire success. The Law Institution here has flourished far more than I ever dreamed it could in a country like America, where the administration of law is not, as with you, concentrated in Dublin, or in Westminster or Edinburgh, but spreads over the whole territory. Our system of instruction is not founded upon written lectures (which, I am persuaded, is a very inadequate mode), but upon oral lectures connected with the daily studies of the students in the various works which they study, and in the lecture-room where they are all assembled in classes and where they undergo a daily examination; and every lecture grows out of the very pages of the volume which they are reading. In this way difficulties are cleared away, additional illustrations suggested, new questions propounded, and doubts raised, and occasionally authorities criticized, so that the instructor and the pupil move along *pari passu*, and the pupil is invited to state his doubts, and learns how to master his studies.

With what interest would the writer of this letter have read the following passage in the late Report of the Council of the Society for the Amendment of the Law, and have watched the progress of the experiment proposed by our Inns of Court:—

"Little real progress has yet been made towards the establishment of a good law school, with effective examinations; the late recommendations of the inns of court your council cannot but consider as insufficient; but we trust that both the profession and the public at large are becoming more and more alive to the necessity for such a provision, and that the heads of the inns of court are becoming more aware of the serious responsibility which rests upon them in this respect. We are glad to find the subject of legal education mentioned in the report of the commissioners appointed to inquire into the state of the revenues of the University of Oxford, and are gratified at seeing the opinion of this society adduced in sup-

see a copy of the most important of these works in any of the public libraries of London, while nearly all of them were to be found in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh.

\* Kent and Story concurred on the necessity of attaching a complete civilian library to the National Library at Washington. One, which had been carefully made on the Continent of Europe, has been appropriately presented to Harvard College. Kent says, that its collector could not

port of a proposal by the commissioners to apply a portion of the funds of the university to imparting a knowledge of the laws of the country. We hope to see the same recommendation in the report on the University of Cambridge, and that in the course of a few years there will be at each of these seats of learning an efficient law school.

“Still more do your council hope and believe, that from the present inns of court will at length arise a complete and satisfactory law university, endowed with the funds originally vested in those societies for legal education, and which cannot be better devoted than to the purpose of teaching the law. Nor can your council entertain a doubt that if the benchers do not so apply these funds, their proper application will be enforced by the legislature. Thus the law student would have an opportunity of commencing and afterwards continuing his studies under able professors, both in the universities and in London, with all the advantages that the wealth of those bodies and of the inns of court could command. While on this subject we would throw out the suggestion, that interesting and instructive popular lectures on the laws of the country might be given at the Mechanics’ Institutions and other similar places. The publicity of our courts of justice, the presence of a jury of fellow-countrymen, and the practice of oral examination, render our trials matters of universal interest, and several branches of the law, by means of such lectures, might be brought to the knowledge of the community which is bound to obey them.”

The excuse made for the incuriousness of practitioners in our courts of justice concerning Continental and American jurisprudence, by reason of the superabundance of our own, has no application here. It will not avail to cover our neglect of the successful example set by Mr. Justice Story as Professor, and by Harvard University as a school of law. Lord Coke loved to hear the inns of court called a third university. It is time they did something to deserve that name. What a chance in the learning of two great professions, were Oxford and Cambridge really to take to teaching divinity to our future clergy, and the Temple and Lincoln’s Inn to fulfilling the trust of watching with proper academical interest over the instruction and progress of their respective students!

#### OUR LITTLE BOY.

WHEN the evening shadows gather  
Round about our quiet hearth,  
Comes our eldest born unto us,  
Bending humbly to the earth!  
And with hands enclasped tightly,  
And with meek eyes raised above,  
This the prayer he offers nightly  
To the Source of light and love:

“Bless my parents, O my Father!  
Bless my little sister dear;  
While I gently take my slumber,  
Be thy guardian angels near!  
Should no morning’s dawn e’er greet me,  
Beaming brightly from the skies,  
Thine the eye of love to meet me  
In the paths of Paradise!”

Now a glad “good night” he gives us;  
And he seals it with a kiss;  
Naught of earthly sorrow grieves us,  
In an hour so full of bliss!

Now our arms about him wreathing,  
One fond kiss before he sleeps;  
Soon we hear his gentle breathing,  
In a slumber calm and deep!

#### “FOREVER WITH THE LORD.”

“FOREVER with the Lord!”  
Amen. So let it be;  
Life from the dead is in that word;  
’T is immortality.

Here in the body pent,  
Absent from Him I roam  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day’s march nearer home.

My Father’s house on high,  
Home of my soul, how near,  
At times, to faith’s aspiring eye,  
Thy golden gates appear!  
Ah, then my spirit faints  
To reach the land I love:  
The bright inheritance of saints,  
Jerusalem above.

Yet doubts still intervene,  
And all my comfort flies;  
Like Noah’s dove, I flit between  
Rough seas and stormy skies.  
Anon the clouds depart,  
The winds and waters cease;  
While sweetly o’er my gladdened heart  
Expands the bow of peace.

#### “Forever with the Lord!”

Father, if ’t is thy will,  
The promise of thy gracious Word  
E’en here, to me fulfil.  
Be thou at my right hand,  
So shall I never fail;  
Uphold me, and I needs must stand;  
Fight, and I shall prevail.

So, when my latest breath  
Shall rend the veil in twain,  
By death I shall escape from death,  
And life eternal gain.  
Knowing “as I am known,”  
How shall I love that word,  
And oft repeat before the throne,  
“Forever with the Lord!”

From the Dublin University Magazine

#### MEMORY.

SOFT as rays of sunlight stealing  
On the dying day;  
Sweet as chimes of low bells pealing  
When eve fades away;  
Sad as winds at night that moan  
Through the heath o’er mountains lone,  
Come the thoughts of days now gone  
On manhood’s memory.

As the sunbeams from the heaven  
Hide at eve their light;  
As the bells when fades the even  
Peal not on the night;  
As the night winds cease to sigh  
When the rain falls from the sky,  
Pass the thoughts of days gone by  
From age’s memory.

Yet the sunlight in the morning  
Forth again shall break,  
And the bells give sweet-voiced warning  
To the world to wake.  
Soon the winds shall freshly breathe  
O’er the mountain’s purple heath;  
But the Past is lost in Death—  
Its hath no memory.

From Household Words.

## PENNY WISDOM.

THERE is a huge heap of chemical refuse now near the banks of the Tyne at Gateshead, which is not only a commercial nothing, but the manufacturer, who unwillingly calls it his property, would most kindly greet any one who would take it off his hands; for he has to lease sundry acres of land for no other purpose than to deposit this refuse thereon. It is of such nothings as these that we would speak; and of the ingenuity which, from time to time, draws something therefrom. And we would also direct attention to a few miscellaneous examples of the useful application of materials long valued—the causing “a little to go a great way.”

Schoolboys display great skill in breaking their slates. Shall they be allowed to continue the exercise of this interesting practice; or shall we invite them to use the new Wurtemberg sheet-iron slates? A manufacturer in that country has invented a mode of applying a surface-coating to sheet-iron, which enables it to take freely the mark of a slate-pencil; it is said to be much lighter, and much less liable to injury, than a common slate. If we have sheet-iron slates, why not sheet-iron paper? Baron von Kleist, the proprietor of some iron-works at Neudeck, in Bohemia, has lately produced paper of this kind, from which great things seem to be expected. It is remarkable for its extreme thinness, flexibility, and strength, and is entirely without flaws. It is used in making buttons, and various other articles shaped by stamping; and it is capable of receiving a very high polish. Whether the world is ever to see the Times printed on a sheet of iron, we must leave to some clairvoyante to determine; but, no sooner did our manufacturers become acquainted with this Bohemian product at the Great Exhibition, than they instantly set their wits to work to produce better and thinner sheet-iron than had before been made in England. In the Birmingham department, before the Exhibition closed, there made its appearance a book, about five inches by three, consisting of forty-four leaves of sheet-iron, the whole weighing about two ounces and a half. We are thus getting on; the age of iron literature may yet arrive.

Our learned chemists have lately discovered that, in making or smelting iron, not less than seven-eighths of all the heat goes off in waste; only one-eighth being really made available for the extrication of the metal from its stony matrix. What a sad waste of good fuel is here! what a provoking mode of driving money out of one's pocket! So thought Mr. Budd of the Ystalyfera iron-works in Wales. He found that the heat which escapes from an iron furnace is really as high as that of melting brass; and he pondered how he might compel this heat to render some of its useful services. He put a gentle check upon it, just as it was about to escape at the top of the furnace; he gently enticed it to pass through a channel or pipe which bent downwards; and gently brought it under the boiler of the steam-engine which worked the blowing-machine for the furnace. A clever device this; for this economized caloric heated the boiler without any other fuel whatever, and there was a saving of three hundred and fifty pounds in one year in the fuel for one boiler alone. Mr. Budd told all about this to the British Association, at Swansea, in 1848; and at

Edinburgh, in 1850, he was able to tell them much more. He stated that he had applied the method to all the nine smelting-furnaces at the Ystalyfera Works; and that it had also been applied at the Dundyan Works in Scotland. The coal used in the Scotch works is of such a kind, that the wasted heat from one furnace is believed to be enough to heat the air for the hot-blast, and to work the blast engines for three furnaces. Mr. Budd states that his plan enabled the Dundyan proprietors to smelt ore with a ton and a quarter less coal to a ton of iron than by the old method; and he shows how this might rise to a saving of one hundred and thirty thousand pounds a year for the whole of Scotland. A pretty penny-saving this—a veritable creation of something out of a commercial nothing.

Horse-shoe nails, kicked about the world by horses innumerable, are not the useless fragments we might naturally deem them. Military men may discuss the relative merits of Minié rifles, and needle-guns, and regulation-muskets; but all will agree that the material of which the barrels are made should be sound and tough, and gun-makers tell us that no iron is so well fitted for this purpose as that which is derived from horse-shoe nails, and similarly worn fragments. The nails are in the first instance made of good sound iron, and the violent concussions which they receive, when a horse is working over a stony road, give a peculiar annealing and toughening to the metal, highly beneficial to its subsequent use for gun-barrels.

An advertisement in the Times notifies that “The committee for managing the affairs of the Bristol Gas Light Company are ready to enter into a contract for a term, from twenty-first December next, for the sale of from sixteen thousand to twenty thousand gallons of ammoniacal liquor, produced per month at the works of the company.” What is this ammoniacal liquor? It is a most unlovable compound, which the gas-makers must get rid of, whether it has commercial value or not. After coal has been converted into coke in the retorts of a gas-house, the vapors which escape are extraordinarily complex in their character; they comprise, not only the gas which is intended for illumination, but acids, and alkalies, and gases of many other kinds—all of which must be removed before the street-gas arrives at its proper degree of purity. By washing in clean water, and washing in lime-water, and other processes, this purification is gradually brought about. But then the water, which has become impregnated with ammonia, and the lime, which has become impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen and other gases, are dolefully fetid and repulsive; and in the early history of gas-lighting these refuse products embarrassed the gas-makers exceedingly. But now the chemists make all sorts of good things from them. The lady's smelling-bottle contains volatile salts made from this refuse ammonia, and sulphate of ammonia is another product from the same source; the tar, which is another of the ungracious consequences of gas-making, is now made to yield benzole—a remarkably volatile liquid—which manufacturers employ in making varnish, and perfumers employ in making that which is honored by the name of oil of bitter almonds, and housewives employ in removing grease spots, and economical ladies employ in cleaning white kid gloves; the naphthaline, which annoys the gas-maker by choking up his pipes, is made to render an account of itself in the form of a beautiful red

coloring matter, useful in dyeing—in short, our gas works are a sort of magical Savings Bank, in which commercial nothings are put in, and valuable somethings taken out.

Mr. Brockeden has taught us how to make pencils out of dust. Our black lead pencils, as is pretty generally known, are made chiefly from Borrowdale plumbago, brought from a mine in Cumberland. This mine is becoming exhausted; and a question has arisen how the supply shall be kept up. Various compounds have been suggested in different quarters, but Mr. Brockeden has happily hit upon an expedient which promises wonders. Although pieces of plumbago are scarce, plumbago dust is tolerably plentiful, and Mr. Brockeden operates upon this dust. He presses a mass of the powder together, then draws out the air from beneath the particles by means of an air-pump, and then presses again with such enormous force as to convert the mass into a solid block, which can be cut into the oblong prisms suitable for pencils.

If a ton of lead contains three ounces of silver—one ounce in twelve thousand ounces—will it pay to dig out this silver, mechanically or chemically? Will it save a penny? Mr. Pattinson, a manufacturing chemist at Newcastle, says, and shows that it will; although, before his improvements were introduced, the attempt was a losing one, unless the lead contained at least twenty ounces of silver to the ton. Nearly all lead ore contains a trace of silver, which becomes melted and combined in the ingot or pig of lead. Vast are the arrangements which the manufacturers are willing to make to extricate this morsel of silver from the mass in which it is buried; huge furnaces and melting-vessels, and crystallizing vessels are provided, and elaborate processes are carefully conducted. The lead, itself, is all the better for losing its silvery companion; while the silver makes its appearance afterwards in the form of dazzling tea-services, and such like.

The mention of Newcastle calls to mind our opening paragraph, relating to a certain table-land of refuse. The history of this useless product carries with it the history of many other remarkable products—once useless, but now of great value. Thus it is. Sulphur is thrown into a "burning fiery furnace;" it burns away, and is converted into a gas called sulphurous acid; this, being combined with steam and water, becomes liquid sulphuric acid. So far good; there is no refuse. But let us go on. Common salt, or rather rock salt from Cheshire, is heated with this sulphuric acid in a furnace. A peculiar penetrating gas rises, which is muriatic acid; the soda-makers (of whom more presently) did not want this troublesome gas, and they therefore sent it up aloft through the chimneys. But the gardeners and farmers all around complained that the muriatic acid vapors poisoned their trees and plants, and then the manufacturers were driven to construct chimneys so lofty as to overtop our loftiest steeples, in order to carry away the enemy as far above the region of vegetation as possible. But good luck or good sense came to their aid; they devised a mode of combining the gas with water, and thus was produced muriatic acid or spirits of salt; and then this muriatic acid was made to yield chlorine, and the chlorine was made to form an ingredient in bleaching powder; so that, by little and little, the once dreaded muriatic acid gas has become a most respectable and respected friend to the manu-

facturer. Meanwhile, the salt and the sulphuric acid are undergoing such changes, by heatings and mixings of different kinds, that they both disappear from the scene; the useful product left behind is soda, so valuable in glass-making, and soap-making, and other processes; the useless product is an earthy substance, consisting of calcium and sulphur, which nobody can apply to any profitable purpose, nobody will buy, and nobody even accept as a gift. At a large chemical work near Newcastle, this product has been increasing at such a rapid rate that it now forms a mass six or eight acres in extent, and thirty or forty feet high; it is a mountain or rather a table-land of difficulties. Here, then, we see how chemical manufacturers are saving a penny out of some of their refuse, and looking wistfully towards the day when they may perchance save a penny out of this monstrous commercial nothing.

Coal proprietors are, perhaps necessarily, very wasteful people. They accumulate around the mouths of their pits large heaps of small coal, which, formerly, rendered service to no one; and in some parts of the country they burn this coal simply to get rid of it. But, thanks to the Legislature, it sometimes does good by interfering in manufacturing affairs. It ordained that locomotives should not send forth streams of smoke into the air, and we are thus freed from a nuisance which sadly affects our river-steamers and steamer-rivers; while, at the same time, coke being used as a non-smokable fuel, and the supply from the gas-works being too small, coke-makers have looked to the heaps of small coal at the pit's mouth; and the result is, that thousands of locomotives are now fed with coke made from the small waste coal at the collieries. The railway companies get their coke cheaper than formerly; the coal owner makes something out of a (commercial) nothing; and the ground around the coal-pits is becoming freed from an incumbrance. And what the coal-makers would leave if they leave anything, the artificers, fuel-makers will buy; for in most of the patent fuels now brought under public notice, coal dust is one of the ingredients.

How to get a pennyworth of beauty out of old bones and bits of skin, is a problem which the French gelatine-makers have solved very prettily. Does the reader remember some gorgeous sheets of colored gelatine in the French department of the Great Exhibition? We owed them to the slaughter-houses of Paris. Those establishments are so well organized and conducted, that all the refuse is carefully preserved, to be applied to any purposes for which it may be deemed fitting. Very pure gelatine is made from the waste fragments of skin, bone, tendon, ligature, and gelatinous tissue of the animals slaughtered in the Parisian abattoirs; and thin sheets of this gelatine are made to receive very rich and beautiful colors. As a gelatinous liquid, when melted, it is used in the dressing of woven stuffs, and in the clarification of wine; and, as a solid, it is cut into threads for the ornamental uses of the confectioner, or made into very thin white and transparent sheets of *papier glacé* for copying drawings, or applied in the making of artificial flowers, or used as a substitute for paper on which gold printing may be executed. In good sooth, when an ox has given us our beef, and our leather, and our tallow, his career of usefulness is by no means ended; we can get a penny out of him as long as there is a scrap of his substance above ground.



Dyers and calico-printers, like manufacturing chemists, have frequently accumulations of rubbish about their premises, which they heartily wish to get rid of at any or no price; and at intervals, by a new item added to the general stock of available knowledge, one of these accumulations becomes suddenly a commercial something. The dye material called madder will serve to illustrate this as well as anything else. Madder is the root of a plant which yields much coloring matter by steeping in water; and, after being so treated, the spent madder is thrown aside as a useless refuse. The refuse is not rich enough for manure; no river conservators will allow it to be thrown into a running stream; and the dyer is thus perforce compelled to give it a homestead somewhere or other. But some clear-headed experimenter has just found out that, actually, one-third of the coloring matter is left unused in the so-called spent madder; and he has shown how to make a pretty penny and an honest penny out of it, by the aid of certain hot acids.

Whether any perfumed lady would be disconcerted at learning the sources of her perfumes, each lady must decide for herself; but it seems that Mr. De la Rue and Doctor Hoffman, in their capacities as jurors of the Great Exhibition, have made terrible havoc among the perfumery. They have found that many of the scents said to be procured from flowers and fruits, are really produced from anything but flowery sources; the perfumers are chemists enough to know that similar odors may be often produced from dissimilar substances, and if the half-crown bottle of perfume really has the required odor, the perfumer does not expect to be asked what kind of odor was emitted by the substance whence the perfume was obtained. Now, Doctor Lyon Playfair, in his summary of the jury investigation above alluded to, broadly tells us that these primary odors are often most unbearable. "A peculiarly fetid oil, termed fusil oil, is formed in making brandy and whiskey; this fusil oil, distilled with sulphuric acid and acetate of potash, gives the oil of pears. The oil of apples is made from the same fusil oil, by distillation with sulphuric acid and bichromate of potash. The oil of pine-apples is obtained from a product of the action of putrid cheese on sugar, or by making a soap with butter, and distilling it with alcohol and sulphuric acid; and is now largely employed in England in making pine-apple ale. Oil of grapes and oil of cognac, used to impart the flavor of French cognac to British brandy, are little else than fusil oil. The artificial oil of bitter almonds, now so largely employed in perfuming soap and for flavoring confectionary, is prepared by the action of nitric acid on the fetid oils of gas-tar. Many a fair forehead is damped with *eau de mille-fleurs*, without knowing that its essential ingredient is derived from the drainage of cow-houses." In all such cases as these, the chemical science involved is, really, of a high order, and the perfume produced is a bona-fide perfume, not one whit less sterling than if produced from fruits and flowers. The only question is one of commercial honesty, in giving a name no longer applicable, and charging too highly for a cheaply produced scent. This mode of saving a penny is chemically right, but commercially wrong.

The French make a large quantity of sugar from beet-root; and in the processes of manufacture there remains behind a thick, black, unctuous molasses, containing much sugar, but from other causes

impregnated with a nauseous taste and a most disagreeable smell. Men will not eat it, but pigs will; and so to the pigs it has gone, until M. Dubranfaut showed (as he has lately done) that this molasses is something better than pig's meat. He dissolves, and decomposes, and washes, and clarifies, until he ends by producing a kind of *eau sucrée*, a beautifully clear and colorless syrup or sugar-liquid, containing nearly the whole of the saccharine principle from the offensive and almost valueless molasses.

How can we make one kind of paint or liquid produce many different colors, and this with an amount of material almost beneath the power of man to weigh or measure? Mr. De la Rue has solved this question by the production of his beautiful iridescent and opalescent paper. Both mechanically and optically, the production of these papers is strikingly interesting. Water is poured into a flat vessel; and, when quite tranquil, a very minute quantity of spirit varnish is sprinkled upon the surface; this, by a species of attraction between the two liquids, spreads out on all sides, and covers the whole surface in a film of exquisite thinness. A sheet of paper, or a card-board, or any other article, is then dipped fairly into the water, and raised gently with that surface uppermost which is to receive the colored adornment; it lifts up the film of varnish from off the surface of the water, and this film becomes deposited on the paper itself. The paper is held in an inclined position, to allow the water to drain off from beneath the film; and the varnish then remains permanent on the surface of the paper. Now, the paper thus coated with colorless varnish exhibits the prismatic tints with exquisite clearness; the film of varnish is so extremely thin—so far beneath anything that could be laid on with a brush or pencil—that it reflects light on the same principle as the soap-bubble, exhibiting differences of color on account of minute differences in the thickness of the film at different parts; and not only so, but the self-same spot exhibits different tints, according to the angle at which we view it. It is a lovely material, and lovely things may be produced from it. We cannot speak of it as producing something out of nothing; but it is a means of producing a beautiful result with a marvellously small expenditure of materials.

The clinkers, ashes, or cinders, which remain in furnaces after metallurgic operations have been completed, may appear to be among the most useless of all useless things. Not so, however. If they contain any metal, there are men who will ferret it out by some means or other. Not many years since, the ashes of the coke used in brass-furnaces were carted away as rubbish; but shrewd people have detected a good deal of volatilized copper mixed up therewith; and the brass-makers can now find a market for their ashes as an inferior kind of copper ore. It needs hardly to be stated that all sorts of filings and raspings, cuttings and clippings, borings and turnings, and odds and ends in the real metallic form, are all available for remelting, whatever the metal may be—all is grist that comes to this mill. If metal be a cheap one, it will not pay to extricate a stray per centage from ashes and clinkers; but if it be one of the more costly metals, not only are all scraps and ashes and skimmings preserved, but particles are sought for in a way that may well astonish those to whom the subject is new. Take gold as an example. There are Jew dealers and Christian dealers also,

who sedulously wait upon gilders and jewellers at intervals, to buy up everything (be it what it may) which has gold in or upon it. Old and useless gilt frames are bought; they are burnt, and the ashes so treated as to yield up all their gold. The fragments and dust of gold, which arise during gilding, are bought and refined. The leather cushion which the gilder uses is bought when too old for use, for the sake of the gold particles which insinuate themselves into odd nooks and corners. The old leather apron of a jeweller is bought; it is a rich prize, for, in spite of its dirty look, it possesses very auriferous attractions. The sweepings of the floor of a jeweller's workshop are bought; and there is probably no broom, the use of which is stipulated for with more strictness than that with which such a floor is swept. In short, there are in this world (and at no time so much as the present) a set of very useful people, who may be designated manufacturing scavengers; they clear away refuse which would else encumber the ground, and they put money into the pockets both of buyers and sellers; they do effectually create a something out of a commercial nothing.

How to save a penny by using dairy drainage, and slaughter-house drainage, and stable drainage, and street drainage, and house drainage, and old bones, and old rags, and spent tan, and flax steep-water—how to create value by using such refuse as manure for fields and gardens—is one of the great questions of the day, which no one who takes up a newspaper can fail to find elucidated in some form or other. Chemistry is here the grand economizer. Chemistry is indeed Nature's housewife, making the best of everything. "The clippings of the travelling tinker," as Dr. Playfair well says in one of his lectures, "are mixed with the parings of horses' hoofs from the smithy, or the cast-off woollen garments of the inhabitants of a sister isle, and soon afterwards, in the form of dyes of brightest blue, grace the dress of courtly dames. The main ingredient of the ink with which I now write was possibly once part of the broken hoop of an old beer barrel. The bones of dead animals yield the chief constituent of lucifer matches. The dregs of port wine—carefully rejected by the port wine drinker in decanting his favorite beverage—are taken by him in the morning, in the form of Seidlitz powders, to remove the effects of his debauch. The offal of the streets and the washings of coal-gas reappear carefully preserved in the lady's smelling bottle, or are used by her to flavor *blanc mange* for her friends."

From the Dublin University Magazine.

#### SCIPIO'S CONTINENCE.

THE celebrated story of Scipio's continence in the liberation of a captive princess, and restoring her to her lover, is well known to every school-boy reader. After the capture of New Carthage, a multitude of prisoners of both sexes fell into the power of Scipio, amongst whom was a damsel of surpassing beauty. Scipio was twenty-seven, graceful and noble; his passions were ardent, and his power unlimited. Polybius says expressly, he was of a warm temperament;\* and Valerius Maximus adds, that he was "young, unmarried, and victorious."† The temptation was not easily resisted.

His soldiers supposed that his heart could not be insensible to the charms of so lovely an object. He assured them that it was not. They insisted on his appropriating the captive princess to himself as his share of the spoil; but he informed them she was betrothed to Allucius, a Celtiberian prince, to whom she was passionately devoted, and publicly resigned her to her lover. "I restore to you," said he, "your young and beautiful bride, as pure as when she fell into my hands. All I ask in return is, that when you look on her you will be a friend to Rome." When pressed by her friends to accept her ransom, he did so, that he might bestow it as a marriage dowry. Allucius swore fidelity to the Romans, joined Scipio with a chosen band of fourteen hundred selected followers, and never afterwards forsook him. The Abbé de la Tour mentions the following interesting fact connected with this episode, which sufficiently corroborates its authenticity, had any additional proof been wanting:—"Allucius not satisfied with these proofs of his zeal, wished to record his own gratitude and Scipio's generosity, by a testimonial which might convey both the one and the other to the latest posterity. With this view, he caused a votive shield to be made, on which he was represented receiving from Scipio's hands the young princess to whom he was engaged. I have seen this memorial, as remarkable as it is valuable, in the king's cabinet of medals, where it is at this day, after having lain almost nineteen hundred years in the River Rhone, where it is certain Scipio's baggage was lost on his return from Spain to Italy. This shield was found by a very extraordinary accident, in the year 1659. It contains forty-six marks of pure silver, which is worth about thirteen hundred livres of our French money. It is twenty-six inches in diameter. The plain, uniform taste which reigns throughout the whole design, in the attitudes and the contours, shows the simplicity of the arts in those days, when they avoided all foreign ornaments, to be the more attentive to natural beauties." Jepson, in his "Roman Portraits," has given an engraving of this *Clypeus Votivus*, taken from Drakenborch's *Silius Italicus*. He mentions the weight, dimensions, and other particulars. Montfaucon also has a similar representation, and entertains no doubt of its authenticity.\*

Old Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," speaking of the continence of Scipio in Spain, expresses himself thus:—"Scipio, a young man of twenty-three years of age, and the most beautiful of the Romans, equal in person to that of the Grecian Charinus, or Homer's Nereus, at the siege of a city in Spain, when as a noble and most fair young gentlewoman was brought unto him, and had heard she was betrothed to a worthy lord, rewarded her, and sent her back to her sweetheart." Lord Lyttelton ("Dialogues of the Dead") does not think much of the business altogether. "I will not so dishonor," says he, "the virtue of Scipio, as to think he could feel any struggle with himself on that account. A woman engaged to another, by affection as well as vow, let her have been ever so beautiful, could have raised in his heart no sentiment but compassion and friendship." Perfectly satisfied with this conclusion, which he thinks will be agreed to, *nem. con.*, he winds up with two profound truisms:—"To have

\* "Συνειδυόντες Φιλογυνήν τον Πομπηλιον."—lib. x.

† "Et juvenis, et caelebs, et victor."

\* We wonder whether it still exists in any French museum, or if it has disappeared in the turmoil and plunder of revolutions.

violated her would have been an act of brutality, which none but another Tarquin could have committed. To have detained her from her husband would have been cruel." Rather, my lord; yet in any similar case of practice *versus* philosophy, we suspect you would find at least twenty Tarquins to one Scipio. Lord Bolingbroke ("Patriot King") denies the story altogether, on the faith of a certain obscure Valerius Antias, quoted by Aulus Gellius; so true it is that no human reputation can escape calumny. "Now, the reputation of the first Scipio," says the "guide, philosopher, and friend" of Pope, "was not so clear and uncontroverted in private as in public life, nor was he allowed to be a man of such severe virtue as he affected, and as that age required. Nævius was thought to mean him in some verses Gellius has preserved, and Valerius Antias made no scruple to assert, that far from restoring the fair Spaniard to her family, he debauched and kept her to himself."\*

A MELANCHOLY completeness, says the "Daily News," has now been given to the pictorial record of the exploits of the great Duke, which the proprietors of the *Gallery of Illustration* in Regent street have been for some time exhibiting to the public. It will be recollect that its opening sketch is a view of Dangan Castle, the duke's birthplace; the closing one is now the chamber at Walmer in which he breathed his last. An exterior view of Walmer Castle by moonlight precedes this last sad memorial, and it is hardly necessary to add that both are objects of the deepest interest to the visitors. For the plain—almost homely chamber in which the illustrious dead spent his last moments, all that was required was fidelity, and that has been observed as religiously as if the subject to be delineated was some holy shrine. The little iron bedstead without curtains, the spare blanket with which the duke indulged himself only on extremely cold nights, the plain table covered with correspondence from the great and little of the earth, and the elbow chair into which he was removed from the bed to facilitate that respiration which was so soon to cease forever—all these things are preserved on the canvas, and all were yesterday objects of reverential curiosity to the audience. It was quite touching to notice the grave silence that was preserved throughout the sitting. The routine description of the duke's victories with the usual claptrap allusions to the national valor, passed without a cheer, although it was evident that the most trivial facts relative to "The Duke," were greedily devoured. It appears that his Grace visited the picture only a few weeks before his death. His visit was a private one, and, being unexpected, there was no descriptive music accompanying the lecturer's description, and, as a consequence, the latter had no difficulty in hearing the duke's observations, made in his usual loud tone. He now embodies them in his lecture; and as everything connected with his Grace is deeply interesting to the public, we have noted down one or two which struck us as characteristic. While a romantic episode of the Mahratta war was being described, the adoption of the deceased chief's child by the duke, his Grace said suddenly, "Oh, I remember all about that. They ran after my horse with the child. He was brought up in the camp, and got a commission, but he was spoilt by the officers, and turned out a great vagabond." So much for reality against romance. Again, he stopped a labored eulogium on the military genius displayed at the battle of Assaye by saying bluntly, "There was no military

genius at all—nothing of the kind. I found two great armies confined where they could not escape, and without leaders. It was merely a question of common sense." Of the passage of the Douro his Grace spoke highly as a military manoeuvre, but would not admit that the battle of Talavera, although it occupied two days' hard fighting, was his hardest day's work. A lady in his party having observed, "Your Grace must have been very much fatigued," he replied, "No; the hardest day's work I ever had was in India, where I had two sieges and the conduct of a treaty going on at the same time." The duke was, it appears, quite warm in his commendation of the beautiful tableau of his triumphal entry into Madrid. In this picture he is seen on horseback, hat in hand, in the act of saluting a grand procession of ecclesiastics, which is just seen emerging from the city gates, while beautiful girls strew flowers in his path. On being asked whether the Spanish ladies had really exhibited such enthusiasm, he said, "Quite true; they not only strewed flowers, but took off their costly shawls and scarves, regardless of the cost to their husbands, and spread them under the horse's feet. And their enthusiasm did not end with the day, for some days after, meeting a group of ladies, the first suddenly embraced me, and handed me over to her companions, until I had gone round them all." And so his Grace went on from grave to gay, showing everywhere the accuracy of his memory, and mercilessly smashing every incident, however romantic, which was not strictly consistent with fact. Every remark was carefully treasured by the intelligent lecturer, Mr. Watson, and is now listened to with delighted attention by his numerous audiences, who seem as if they never would tire of doing homage to the memory of a man who, in his long and perfectly fulfilled career, "exhausted nature and exhausted glory."

THE *National Era*, published at Washington, is the ablest Anti-Slavery paper in the United States. Conducted with consummate skill—meeting every issue fairly, and with sound reasoning, instead of declamation, it enjoys the confidence and represents the views of the great body of those in the Northern States who seek to bring the political power of the North to bear steadily and effectually against slavery. Yet, in the last number of that paper, we find the following explicit declaration of opinion:

There is progress in the South; and, after all, to whom are we to look for the emancipation of the negro race, if not to its citizens? *We declare that our only hope for the peaceful redemption and improvement of the slave population is in the South itself.* Congress can do nothing more than withdraw federal support from the system; it has no constitutional power for its abolition. The free states cannot legislate on the subject—their citizens can do no more than discuss the question, and separate themselves, politically and ecclesiastically, from all responsibility for it. *Farther they have no right to go.* Where, then, is the hope of the slave? We may talk of the right of resistance, of rebellion, of revolution. Our fathers resisted the despotism of Britain. They would have been dastards had they submitted; they would have deserved chains had they not succeeded. They had intelligence; they had trade; they had the mechanic arts; they had arms and soldiery; they had government; they had free institutions; and the despotism which oppressed them was across an ocean three thousand miles wide. The slaves have none of these advantages, and resistance by them would result in a war of horrible extermination.

Where, then, we again ask, is the hope of the slave? *So far as we can see, it is, under God, in*

\* See, on this subject, a very interesting number of "The Tatler," by Sir Richard Steele, where the story is told with peculiar grace and eloquence.



the free citizens of the South. Peaceful, successful emancipation must be their work. The public opinion that shall originate the movement, carry it forward, shape it, direct it, accomplish it, wisely and beneficently for all concerned, must be a *Southern public opinion*.

When the Anti-Slavery sentiment of the country takes this shape, it ceases to be formidable to the interests or the rights of any section. It is rational, constitutional, and therefore safe. And the South itself can neither dread it nor complain of it. And to that shape, in our opinion, it is rapidly coming everywhere. There will continue to be, of course, fanatical movements in various sections—reckless of rights, of interests, and of all solemn sanctions;—for such extremes are necessary incidents of freedom of action and of thought. But they will take no hold upon the great mass of the people, and will not be at all felt in the grand movements of our national affairs. We firmly believe, therefore, that, until some new aggressions of pro-slavery ambition shall arouse new jealousies, and awaken new resistance, ultra Abolitionism will cease to be felt as a disturbing element in our national politics.—*N. Y. Times*.

SCENES AT NEW ORLEANS.—I made a point of going to some of the quadrone balls. I had heard a great deal of the splendid figures and graceful dancing of the New Orleans Quadrone, and I certainly was not disappointed. Their movements are the most easy and graceful that I have ever seen. They danced one figure, somewhat resembling the Spanish fandango, without castanets, and I never saw more perfect dancing on any stage. I wonder some of the opera lessees in Europe do not import some for their *corps de ballet*; the expense, I conclude, is against it. A handsome quadrone could not be bought for less than one thousand or fifteen hundred dollars! though the market is well supplied at that price. These balls take place in a large saloon; at the entrance, where you pay half-a-dollar, you are requested to leave your *implements*, by which is meant your bowie-knives and revolvers; and you leave them as you would your overcoat on going into the opera, and get a ticket with their number, and on your way out they are returned to you. You hear the pistol and bowie-knife keeper in the arms-room call out, "No. 45—a six-barrelled repeater;" "No. 100—one eight-barrelled revolver, and bowie-knife with a death's-head and cross-bones cut on the handle." "No. 95—a brace of double-barrels." All this is done as naturally as possible, and you see fellows fasten on their knives and pistols as coolly as if they were tying on a comforter or putting on a coat. As I was going up stairs, after getting my ticket, and replying to the quiet request, "whether I would leave my arms," that I had none to leave, I was stopped and searched from head to foot by a policeman, who, I suppose, fancied it impossible that I should be altogether without arms. Notwithstanding all this care, murders and duels are of weekly occurrence at these balls, and during my stay at New Orleans there were three. There are more murders here than in any other city in the Union. In the first place, everybody drinks hard, and every man is armed; and a man who does not avenge an insult on the spot is despised. It is a word and a blow, and not unfrequently the blow without the word. The southern men are naturally hot-blooded, and duelling is part of their creed; and the northern men, who come down south, what with drink, gambling, and the excitement of speculation, are not apt to be very backward in taking up a quarrel. A "difficulty," as it is called, took place in the bar-room of the hotel where I was staying,

between two young men, and one of them was killed. There were about a hundred men present, but not one of them interfered to stop it; nobody arrested the homicide, and after quietly wiping his knife, he walked away. I asked one old gentleman who was present whether he would not be arrested and tried. He said they would have him up before the magistrates on the morrow; but that his opponent had called him a liar, which was quite a sufficient provocation for stabbing him. He said there was a glorious expression of public feeling in New Orleans in favor of justifiable homicide, and that no jury could find a man guilty who, as in this case, had any provocation.—*Sullivan's Rambles*.

A HAPPY FAMILY ON THE PRAIRIE.—We passed to-day through a large village or settlement of the prairie-dog (*Arctomys ludoviciana*), extending in length not less than half a mile. These little animals are very shy, and, at the least approach of a stranger, lie themselves with all speed to their holes, in which they partly bury their bodies, leaving only their heads visible just above the surface of the ground, where, so long as the alarm lasts, they keep up a continual barking. The note somewhat resembles the bark of a small puppy, but is, nevertheless, so peculiar as to be instantly recognized ever afterwards by any one who has once distinctly heard it. They are very hard to get, as they are never found far from their holes, and, when shot, fall immediately into them, where they are generally guarded by a rattlesnake—the usual sharer of their subterranean retreat. Several were shot by us in this situation, but when the hand was about to be thrust into the hole to draw them out, the ominous rattle of this dreaded reptile would be instantly heard, warning the intruder of the danger he was about to incur. A little white burrowing owl also (*Stryx cucularia*) is frequently found taking up his abode in the same domicile; and this strange association of reptile, bird, and beast seem to live together in perfect harmony and peace. I have never personally seen the owl thus housed, but have been assured of the fact from so many, so various, and so credible sources, that I cannot doubt it. The whirr of the rattlesnake I have heard frequently when the attempt was made to invade these holes, and our men at length became afraid to approach them for this purpose.—*Capt. Stansbury's Expedition*.

SHOWING THE DEAD.—There is a curious custom at the Havana, of laying out bodies in state during the night before burial. They are placed close to the open window, fronting the street, on a couch raised four or five feet from the ground. The corpse is surrounded with high wax tapers, and the whole room illuminated. Frequently, when returning from a *tertulia* or a ball, I have been startled by seeing the fixed and rigid features of some old gentleman or lady, dressed in their best attire, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots, and white neckcloth. I remember one night in particular, I was returning home through one of the bye-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding there was a body lying in state, I went towards it. There, close to the window, so close that I could have touched it through the bars, lay the body of a young girl about fifteen years of age. She was dressed as for a ball, with flowers in her hair, and white satin shoes on her feet; her hands crossed on her breast, her eyes closed, and her mouth slightly opened; and altogether her face and expression was one of the most beautiful I have ever seen.—*Sullivan's Rambles*.